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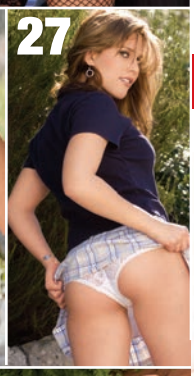

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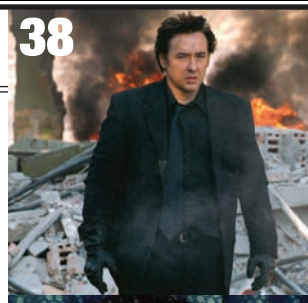

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DEMOCRACY OR WHAT?!

Superdelegates: What the fuck is that about?

The simple answer is the Democrats came up with superdelegates in the wake of George McGovern's disastrous loss to Richard Nixon during the 1972 Presidential election. To put it simply, superdelegates were intended to override the will of the people. "Next time the people pick an obvious loser," the Democratic politicos must have told themselves, "we'll step in and pick the candidate they *should* have chosen!"

As it turns out, had he won, McGovern would have been a much better President than Nixon. Here was a real statesman, a man who towered over the nasty, paranoid Republican candidate.

Democrats, of all people, should know better than to circumvent the Constitution. Let all elections—the primaries and general elections—be decided by popular vote. Neither of the two major parties should resort to any delegates.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

Better living through gadgets.

DON'T BUG ME!

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a flying insect?! Yep, our friends at WowWee now offer the radio-controlled **FlyTech Moth**. A whole lot of fun and easy to operate, the lightweight-yet-durable toy can be used safely both indoors and out. The moth flutters its dual wings just like the real thing and charges up on a handheld controller, which launches the colorful robot when fully juiced thanks to three AAA batteries. Mosquito and dragonfly versions are also available. Get one and bug out!

Available at **WowWee.com**. Suggested retail price: $24.99.

TAKE FLIGHT

If you're into gaming—and we mean *really* into gaming—then this could be the best seat in the house. The **GP PRO-200 FS Flight Simulator** from D-box, a company that prides itself on items built by gamers for gamers, takes your playing to a higher level. This sturdy, 120-pound unit will quickly become the centerpiece of your gaming endeavors. Find out what it's really like to sit in the cockpit of an airplane, experiencing everything from the exhilarating G-forces of takeoff to coping with nerve-rattling turbulence, what pilots call "chop." Fly high! Perfect for first-person shooter and strategic games.

Available at **D-box.com**. Suggested retail price: $14,000.

YOU LIKE TO WATCH

Now you can be face-to-face with whomever you want no matter where you happen to be. The **inPerson** video conferencing system lets you stay in touch via a Wi-Fi or LAN connection. The unit delivers high-quality sound and images via a stunning 7-inch LCD screen, which supports up to 16 million colors. The transmissions create crisp and clear images not matched by Webcams. Plus, measuring 7.5 inches across and 1 inch thick and weighing a mere 1.6 ounces, the **inPerson** can be taken anywhere. It's perfect for business or pleasure. You know what we mean by pleasure.

Available at **UScreative.com**. Suggested retail price: $699.99 plus a $10 monthly service fee per unit.

MIND IN THE GUTTER

Anyone who has ever had to clean out the gutters on their house knows what a backbreaking and dangerous pain in the ass it is. Well, no more! The new iRobot **Looj** does all the work at the touch of a button. From the geniuses who created the **Roomba Robot Vacuum Cleaner**, the rechargeable unit lets you avoid repeatedly climbing up and down a ladder to clean clogged gutters. Simply place the **Looj** in one end of the gutter, turn on the wireless remote control and watch as up to a 60-foot section is cleaned out in about ten minutes. The amazing gizmo weighs only 2.5 pounds and includes a belt clip to facilitate hauling it up a ladder safely. After the job is completed, simply rinse the **Looj** off, and you're done.

Available at **iRobot.com**. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

WIN THESE HEADPHONES

GOOD HEAD

We know what you're thinking: "Three hundred bucks for a pair of headphones? Are you nuts?!" Maybe. If you're nuts about your music, then you know that the quality of your tunes is important. Creative's **Aurvana X-Fi Noise Canceling Headphones** not only block unwanted sounds, but they also actually make your music sound better.

How did the designers pull that off? By utilizing the new X-Fi Xtreme technology, which converts algorithms, improving all digital sounds by intelligently selecting and restoring highs lost during compression. Just trust us; these headphones rock. You can use them with iPod, iPhone, PC, CD player, PSP and more.

Can't afford to plunk down the 300 smackers? Well, good thing for you we're giving a pair of the **X-Fi**'s away, and you have a chance to win them. See below.

Available at **UScreative.com**. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

HEADPHONES

CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Free headphones? Sounds good to us! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Xi-Fi Headphones Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES ☐ NO ☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

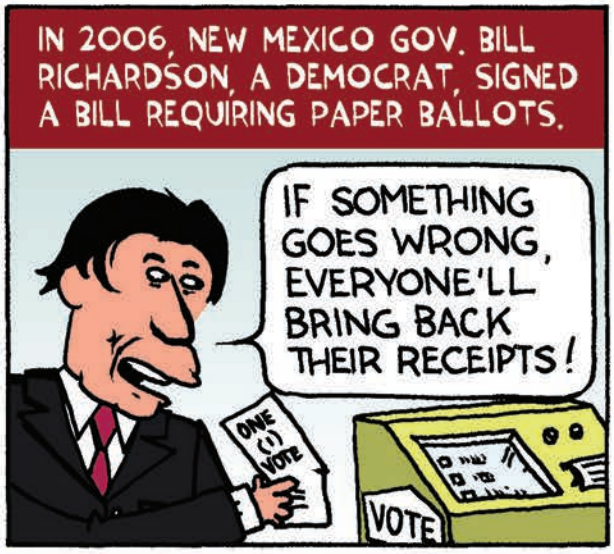
☐ Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

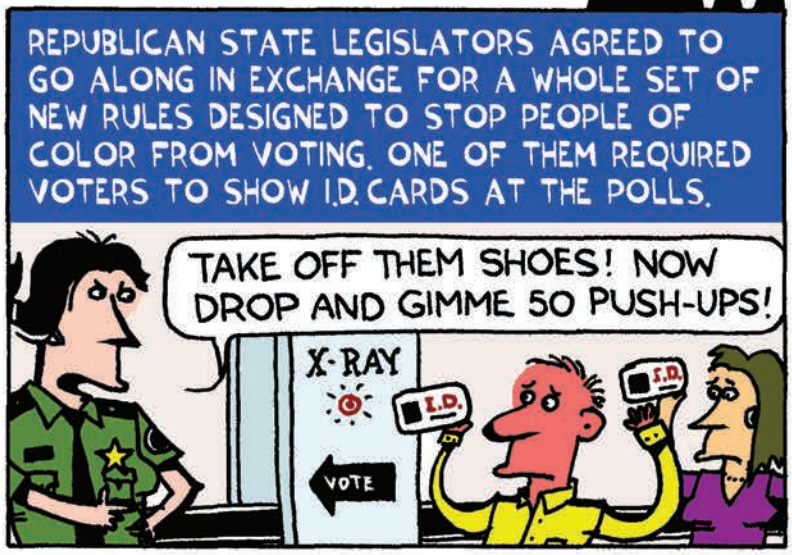
RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by October 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS

Lesson 3

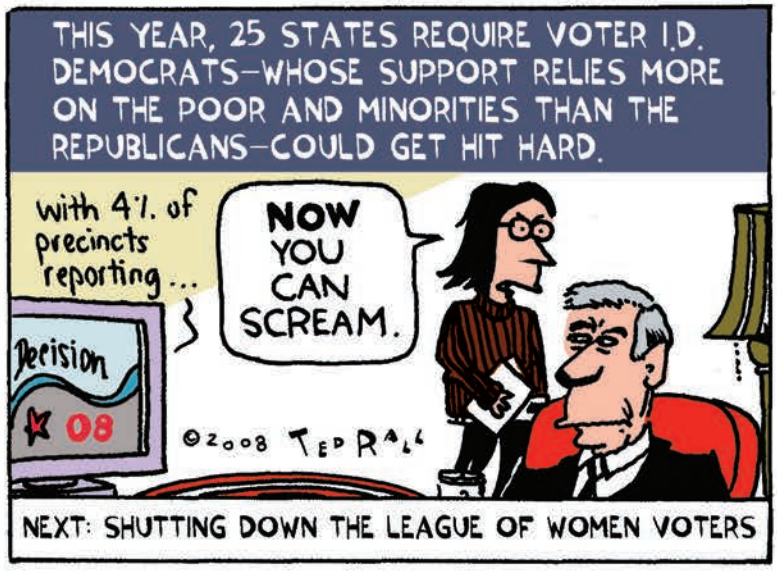
Republicans won't try to steal the 2008 election. They already have. Journalist GREG PALAST explains:


IN 2006, NEW MEXICO GOV. BILL RICHARDSON, A DEMOCRAT, SIGNED A BILL REQUIRING PAPER BALLOTS.
IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, EVERYONE'LL BRING BACK THEIR RECEIPTS!
ONE (1) VOTE
VOTE


REPUBLICAN STATE LEGISLATORS AGREED TO GO ALONG IN EXCHANGE FOR A WHOLE SET OF NEW RULES DESIGNED TO STOP PEOPLE OF COLOR FROM VOTING. ONE OF THEM REQUIRED VOTERS TO SHOW I.D. CARDS AT THE POLLS.
TAKE OFF THEM SHOES! NOW DROP AND GIMME 50 PUSH-UPS!
X-RAY
I.D.
VOTE

JUST BEFORE THE '06 ELECTION, THE STATE SENT OUT 200,000 VOTER I.D. CARDS— TO THE WRONG ADDRESSES. SURE ENOUGH, THEY WERE MOSTLY FROM ALBUQUERQUE— THE STATE'S DEMOCRATIC BASE.
YOU MAY ALREADY HAVE WON...
NEW MEXICO
Secretary of State
Dear Mr. Mike Hunt:
VOTE
1 Blow-Me-Dem-Scum Way
Albuquerque, CROATIA
...THE RIGHT TO VOTE!
ALREADY HAVE WON...
Hunt:
VOTE
AFGHANISTAN
...THE RIGHT TO VOTE!
NEW MEXICO

ONE OF NEW MEXICO'S SEATS IN THE U.S. CONGRESS MOVED FROM "D" TO "R." BUT THE DEMOCRATS DIDN'T BOTHER TO CHALLENGE IT.
WE WON THE '06 ELECTION! WHO CARES ABOUT ONE SEAT?
Dean 2012


THIS YEAR, 25 STATES REQUIRE VOTER I.D. DEMOCRATS—WHOSE SUPPORT RELIES MORE ON THE POOR AND MINORITIES THAN THE REPUBLICANS—COULD GET HIT HARD.
with 4% of precincts reporting...
NOW YOU CAN SCREAM.
Decision 08
©2008 TED RALL
NEXT: SHUTTING DOWN THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

Will the Real John McCain Please Stand Down

DON'T BE FOOLED: THIS ADMIRAL'S SON BELIEVES WARS AND GOVERNMENTS ARE BETTER WHEN BIGGER.

There are two John McCains. One is the rebellious moderate who claims to oppose torture and wasteful military spending, who argues we should shut down the Guantanamo Bay detention facility. The other—the dominant and really, really dangerous one—thinks it would be fine if we spent "100 years in Iraq," as long as we have enough "boots on the ground."

That latter McCain, the son and grandson of admirals, never met a problem he didn't think the U.S. government and its military power couldn't solve.

If you elect him President, make him commander in chief and put him at the seat of power, which of the two McCains do you think you'll get?

Was betting on the creation of a U.S.-friendly democracy worth the over 4,000 American and hundreds of thousands of Iraqi lives that have already been lost?

Another four years of expensive bloodshed, according to Matt Welch, author of *McCain: The Myth of a Maverick*. The libertarian journalist, whose book offers an insightful examination of the "Arizona senator's largely unexamined philosophy about the proper role of the U.S. government," credits Bush's decision to end his Presidency with a significant expansion of troop levels in Iraq as pure McCain.

"Like almost every past McCain crusade," Welch wrote in *Reason* magazine, "the [troop] surge involved an increase in the power of the federal government, particularly in the executive branch. Like many of his reform measures—identifying weapons pork, eliminating Congressional airport perks, even banning torture—the escalation had as much to do with appearances (in this case, the appearance of continuing to project U.S. military strength rather than accept 'defeat') as it did with reality. And like the reputation-making actions of his heroes—including his father, his grandfather and his political idol, Teddy Roosevelt—the new Iraq strategy required yet another expansion of American military power to address what is, at least in part, a nonmilitary problem."

In fact, while McCain has savaged the current President in thinly veiled critiques of his handling of Iraq—and further nurturing the senator's "maverick" image—he is even more enamored than Dubya with the dual neoconservative theorems that war is a solver of problems and that being the President of the United States is an invitation to become planet Earth's neo-imperial ruler as well.

Of course, McCain wants that rule to be somewhat benevolent. For example, he doesn't envision a hypothetical century in Iraq to be senselessly bloody or rude. It should all be in line with supporting democracy, prosperity, etc. Don't call it an occupation! As long as we are not losing any of our "most precious asset… American blood," he believes Americans will go along with enforcing a Pax Americana.

Never mind that after seven years of such an approach it should be clear that empire doesn't come without death, terrorism, the discrediting of democracy and any number of other terrible costs we should be informed of before the bill comes due. McCain campaign wonks like to talk about the terrible "consequences of failure," but what about the consequences of "success"?

Was betting on the creation of a U.S.-friendly democracy worth the over 4,000 American and hundreds of thousands of Iraqi lives that have already been lost? How about bringing home a generation of mentally and physically wounded combat veterans? And what about the hundreds of billions of dollars we are spending on the war, or the soaring price of gasoline here at home? Aren't cheap resources supposed to be the reward for building an empire?

McCain optimistically says we "will win the war in Iraq and win it fairly soon," but in any case he makes it clear no cost in lives or treasure is too dear to do so. If he's said it once, he's said it a thousand times: We need "more boots on the ground," as many as we can spare.

Once all those "boots" finally stamp out all this Iraqi mischief, a few tens of thousands of them should—in McCain's vision—remain posted there for ten or more decades to ensure that Iraq stays in our orbit as a loyal satellite. And if the Iraqis end up prosperous and vaguely democratic along the way, why should they begrudge us a few mega-bases shimmering outside town in the desert heat, as well as some sweetheart deals with Western oil corporations?

"No American argues against our military presence in Korea or Japan or Germany or Kuwait or other places, or Turkey, because America is not receiving casualties," McCain declared at Rice University at the end of February 2008. "I think, generally speaking, we have a more secure world thanks to American presence, particularly in Asia, by the way, as we see the rising influence of China."

In other words, what McCain supports—and it is one of the few political opinions he hasn't flipped and flopped about—is a never-ending expansion of America's military role in the world. This November you'll get to decide if you agree.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *Thinking Tuna Fish*, *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush* and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America*.

Bush's Child Prisoners

THE YOUNGEST VICTIMS OF THE "WAR ON TERROR."

It is now clear that from the very top of the chain of command in the Oval Office the Bush Administration has systematically violated the 1984 Convention Against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment (including complicity in torture). The United States and 151 other nations signed that convention.

If there is ever an international war crimes tribunal—or criminal procedures in the United States—Bush, Cheney and the highest-level lawyers in the Justice and Defense departments should not be alone in the dock. Wherever terrorism suspects have been held, complicit in the torture and other barbarisms are military doctors and psychologists.

How is the waterboarding torturer to know if he's about to go too far and kill the suspect? An attending physician will tell him. For a newly published, meticulously sourced indictment of these crimes that involve the enlistment of medical professionals, see *Torture Team: Rumsfeld's Memo and the Betrayal of American Values* by international lawyer Philippe Sands.

We may never know how many children were "disappeared" into those secret prisons and what happened to them.

The definitive book on the criminal involvement of doctors and psychologists is *Oath Betrayed: Torture, Medical Complicity and the War on Terror* by Dr. Steven Miles, a professor of medicine and bioethics at the University of Minnesota. Dr. Miles, whom I've interviewed at length, began his deep research to find out why doctors and psychologists in Afghanistan, Iraq and Guantanamo failed to intervene in the torture and other mistreatment of prisoners. Such abuse was partially exposed when CBS-TV released those infamous Abu Ghraib prison photographs, which became a prime recruiting tool for apprentice terrorists around the world.

In *Oath Betrayed*, Dr. Miles also revealed that medical personnel gave the torturers information—from prisoners' records and interviews—about what they most feared. So, as Miles reported, doctors and psychologists were actually "involved in setting the harshness of the interrogation plans." And, dig this: As loyal implementers of Bush Administration terror policy, they delayed reports of homicides (murders) when the interrogators lost control of themselves.

That's why it took so long for We the People to know what atrocities were being carried out in order to, as the President likes to say, "protect American values."

Dr. Miles offered additional shocking revelations in the Fall 2007 issue of the American Bar Association's publication *Human Rights*. In "Child Prisoners in America's War on Terror," which has largely been ignored even by otherwise-intrepid American journalists reporting on this amoral Presidency, Miles began: "German media and Norwegian officials credibly cite a Red Cross report that more than 100 children were detained in various prisons in Iraq. Human Rights Watch reports that three of the 60 or so children once imprisoned at Guantanamo Bay were less than 15 years old."

Dr. Miles continued with the especially chilling: "*No statistics exist for child prisoners in Afghanistan.*" Bush-Cheney's initial "victory" was over Afghanistan's Taliban, which is now murderously resurgent. The *Washington Post*'s Dana Priest has revealed that dungeons at the Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan are among the most horrifying CIA "black sites." There suspects were "softened up" for torture by the brutal Special Forces troops so prized by Donald Rumsfeld. We may never know how many children were "disappeared" into those secret prisons and what happened to them.

Nor do we know how many detained children were killed there or in our other prisons. Noted Dr. Miles: "Reporters are not allowed to photograph their quarters. … The Abu Ghraib photographs depict men being abused; the pictures of children and women being abused remain classified." Did you know that? I didn't.

Having gone through tens of thousands of pages of declassified Defense Department documents, Miles found "*the only official record of a child prisoner's death.*" It was in a footnote in the appendix of a 200-page Army Surgeon General's report about detainees (calling them "prisoners" was forbidden) with advanced-stage tuberculosis. A physician cited "one child hemorrhaging from his cavitary TB and dying."

If there ever is a war crimes trial of those from Camp Cropper near Baghdad Airport (where this nameless child expired) who are responsible for that small corpse, Dr. Miles's threnody should be in the court record: "No other document describes this child who died bleeding into his (or her?) lungs while in U.S. custody. The Pentagon does not list this prisoner in its list of deaths. It has not released any death certificate, autopsy report or investigation, as is mandated by Geneva Conventions that the United States says were applicable to its prisons in Iraq.

"*We do not know whether the parents were told if, how, or when their child died. …We do not know if the child's body was returned to the family to bury or if the family was informed of the location of the internment.*"

Dr. Miles also cited a sworn statement from General Janis Karpinski, former commander of Abu Ghraib. She used to talk to "juveniles," as she called them, who kept being brought into that real-life horror movie. "I saw a kid," Karpinski said, "that looked like he was eight years old. He told me he was almost 12. He told me his brother was with him, but he really wanted to see his mother. Could he please call his mother. He was crying."

The now-defrocked general maintained that she saw no abuse of juveniles at Abu Ghraib. (If she had and said so, she would have had to do something about it.) Dr. Miles dryly added, "Karpinski does not mention if she helped the boy contact his mother."

As he reported, a former sergeant at Abu Ghraib, John Ketzer, did see "a dog handler and another soldier allow a leashed but unmuzzled dog to 'go nuts' and lunge at two children."

Dr. Miles has called what happened—and still may be happening—to Bush's child prisoners "crimes against the innocent." But the majority of members of Congress who have never demanded bringing criminal charges against the ultimate torturers and abusers of prisoners of any age are not innocent of these crimes.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*, the *Washington Times* and other publications. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

JOHN McCAIN'S WAR EXPERIENCE – 1967
Fucking gooks! I'll go home after the war, enter politics, become President, then I'll show them... I'll attack IRAN!
MULADY

The Unreality of "Reality TV"

FORGET COMEDY, DRAMA, GAME SHOWS AND SPORTS—VOYEURISM IS THE NAME OF THE GAME.

Will somebody please sue the television networks? What's passed off as "reality" isn't real, and the way it alters our perception of reality is dangerous to our mental health. I remember the movie *The Running Man* with Arnold Schwarzenegger as a criminal who was forced to fight for his life on a popular TV program. I laughed at the preposterousness of it all…but I'm not laughing anymore.

This country's first reality show wasn't even aired on any of the major networks. Back in 1973, PBS covered the day-to-day doings and real-life travails of a typical household in its 12-part *An American Family* series.

The show captured a vast audience, but real life was a bit more elusive. The presence of a camera crew encouraged the Loud family to play to them. As a result, the wife announced she was getting a divorce. Years later the former Mrs. Loud said she might not have gone for the divorce had the cameras not been there. The frosting on the cake was son Lance announcing that he was gay. He later tried to capitalize on his fleeting fame with a show business career that failed. In 2001, Lance Loud succumbed to hepatitis C and AIDS.

An American Family inspired a number of sendups, the most notable being Albert Brooks's first big-screen writing and directing effort, *Real Life*.

It took 19 years before television's next reality show arrived. A concoction of MTV, *The Real World* put together a bunch of young people in a house for several weeks. The producers would create dramatic conflict by doing things like cutting off their power or water. The more conflict, the better. Much like *An American Family*, the participants in *The Real World* created havoc on their own in the belief that the more outrageous their personalities, the more famous they'd become. Inevitably, their actions became anything but natural.

The next entry into the reality sweepstakes came in 2000 when producer Mark Burnett convinced CBS to buy the concept of the Swedish hit *Expedition: Robinson*. He changed the name to *Survivor,* and the rest is history. Castaways placed on a desolate island fight each other to win a million dollars.

In 2001, *Survivor* provided TV with one of its lowest moments. Contestant Michael Skupin got woozy one night and fell into a fire. His hands were burned so badly that he had to be airlifted off the island—and out of the show. What made the situation so disgusting was that a cameraman kept filming Skupin rather than prevent the accident or help him afterward—because the producers had previously admonished the crew to keep rolling no matter what happened. (Remember *Network* anyone?) Modern medicine saved Skupin's hands, but not before *Survivor* aired the grisly footage of skin peeling from them while the fire victim screamed in agony.

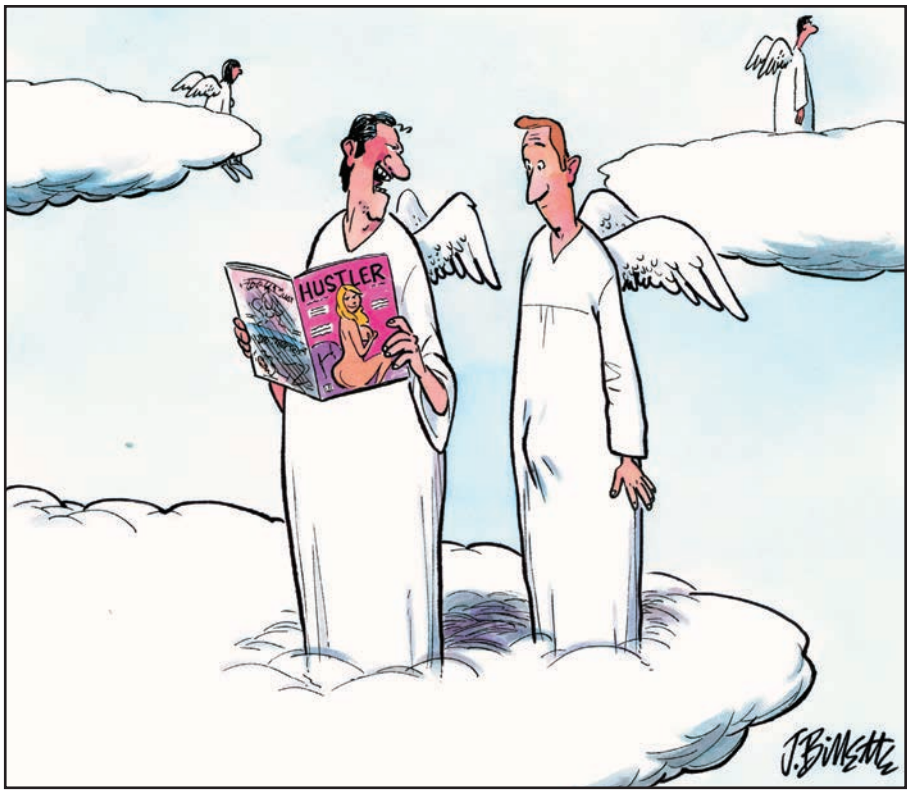
Thanks to their relatively low cost and high ratings potential, reality shows have become a favorite fare of the networks. There are some aspects that are not as well known. If you wonder why people allow their private lives to be bared on television, the answer is simple: They get paid. For example, the longer a *Survivor* cast member sticks around, the more he or she earns in talent fees. It's even been rumored that *Wife Swap* pays each of its married women as much as $50,000, with $25,000 to each husband and $10,000 per child.

Then there are the personality reality shows like *The Osbournes*, starring Ozzy the fried rock star and his wife and two kids. Reality my ass! You never saw the couple's third child. That's because Aimee Osbourne refused to be a regular on the show and was treated as if she didn't exist. Every now and then, Aimee would show up, but only in background shots.

The problem is some people think what they're seeing actually exists and then compare their lives to it. Society becomes what a mirror reflects back. These days that mirror is reality TV.

Programs like the one spoofed in *The Running Man* are coming to pass. How long before we see *You Bet Your Life*—for real?

Alex Bennett, our newest columnist, is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.



"Black market!"

A Few Horny Men

The Pentagon is saying that schools which allow any job recruiting must include the military. Its official position is that military recruiters be allowed into any school where job recruitment is taking place and that to exclude them would mean all recruitment has to be excluded.

I suggest that HUSTLER take the Pentagon up on this challenge. Show up at college recruitment drives and set up a table across from the military's with plenty of posters and the usual HUSTLER glitz. Offer these kids something better than an illegal war. Here's a slogan: "It's better to get blown than to get blown up!"

—Tom Sebourn
Eureka, California

Wake-Up Call

Larisa Alexandrovna's article in the July '08 issue [*America's Cold Civil War*] is a masterpiece of open-your-mind journalism. I'm happy to see something as provocative and insightful as this in your magazine. Please print more of her work. Also, I'd like to tell fellow readers to check out **ZeitgeistMovie.com** for another jolt of reality. **—D.L.**
North Bay, California

Larisa Alexandrovna interviews actor John Cusack, beginning on page 38 of this issue.

Blowback

It's about time somebody spoke out about the attack on the USS *Liberty* [*Israel Attacks America*, June '08]. I have been arguing for years that the attack was planned as a diversion so the Israelis could take the Golan Heights.

Your article was also timely, considering that Ben-Ami Kadish has been accused of spying for Israel. The 84-year-old New Jersey resident had longstanding ties to convicted spy Jonathan Pollard, who was put away in the '80s for siphoning Navy secrets to the Israelis. As an engineer at a U.S. military arsenal, Kadish had access to top-secret nuclear and Patriot missile schematics.

The survivors of the *Liberty* incident believe the attack was intentional. The Israelis now have in their possession even more of our deadly technology. What's to stop them from using our own weapons against us again? And to think Israel is supposed to be an ally. With friends like these, who needs enemies? **—Melvin S.**
Mercer Island, Washington

All-Day Sucker

I particularly enjoyed the "Celebrity Fantasy" in the June '08 issue, with sexy bitch Christina Applegate sucking on a bulging cock. *Married With Children* is my all-time favorite show. I have the whole series on DVD and spend way too much time watching it. Applegate's character Kelly Bundy was everyone's favorite young tart! Keep the fantasies flowing! **—Dennis Comstock**
Muskegon, Michigan

Now That's Delish

I love your celebrity "Dick in the Mouth." Could you please put one in Rachael Ray's yap? Between her Dunkin' Donuts commercials ("I'm all about easy"), her "Delish" catchphrase and the fact that she kissed Oprah's royal ass for stardom, I can't think of anyone more deserving. **—John Apes**
Ledyard, Connecticut

Your wish is our command. See page 24.

Crazy for Cali

Well, you folks finally inspired me to write. First, let me say as a long-time reader, HUSTLER is "tits 'n' toes" above any publication on the market today. I truly admire Larry Flynt and his staff for the job they all do reporting the truth to the American people, instead of the watered-down shit you see on TV and other media. I wish Mr. Flynt would run for office again; it would be inspirational.

But here's the main reason I'm writing: I'd been waiting a very long month for the Cali-Luv pictorial since I saw the preview pic in the July '08 issue. It was worth the wait! Cali-Luv is the most beautiful creature I have ever set eyes on. To whomever discovered this goddess: Ask Larry for a raise. You deserve it! **—Michael P.**
Seattle, Washington

Cali-Luv has inspired a cult of fans to make clothes from the pages of her August '08 HUSTLER layout, then tear them off in a religious frenzy. Cali is flattered by their devotion and has hired a bodyguard.

1-800-HOTTER

I'll be renewing my subscription, so I have some suggestions: Let's have more sunshiny California poolside pictorials. And cut back on your offensive black cartoons and get hotter babes, especially black ones.

I recently saw a stunner in one of your 1-800-BLACK-ASS ads. Please track her down—or at least somebody that hot—and you'll get extra points from me. Translation: I'll buy more HUSTLER merchandise!

I also got a thing for spoiled white chicks, so more crotch shots of Britney, Lindsay and Paris are always welcome. I'm not even going to try and figure how your photographers get those shots; I'm just happy they do! **—A.C.**
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

WAL★MART

Lower Prices. Lower Morals.

Why must we always be thought of as the bad guys? Here at Wal-Mart we care about our employees. We really do. Oh, sure, we pay them the lowest-possible wages, scare them away from unionizing and force them to work unpaid overtime—that's just good business. But when a "Team Member" is injured, we're there to help. Like in the case of Deborah Shank from southeastern Missouri, who was left permanently brain damaged after being hit by a truck. Our insurance paid all her medical bills and expenses. And it wasn't even one of our trucks! We were happy to help Ms. Shank. After all, she sustained irreversible injuries and was still grieving over her son, a soldier who had been killed in Iraq. As we do for every insured employee, we paid for everything.

However, our insurance policy clearly states that any employee receiving a settlement must pay back the cash. That's why our lawyers sued Ms. Shank for the $470,000 we'd spent on her. We didn't want to take the money she needed to survive on for the rest of her life, but you know our lawyers: They're real bastards. Not us. We're good guys. Look at our logo. It's a smiling face, for Chrissakes.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but it points out a real instance of Wal-Mart's greed. While we know that the corporate giant was legally allowed to sue to get its money back, we also realize that doing so was wrong. Even though Wal-Mart ultimately caved in to public pressure and didn't take Ms. Shank's money, that doesn't mean it's not a bunch of evil fuckers. For more info, check out **WalMartWatch.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Roger Stone

Reptilian GOP "strategist" Roger Stone resembles a decrepit Ken doll, but even that dickless chunk of plastic has more humanity. How else do you explain the huge Richard Nixon tattoo between our latest Asshole of the Month's shoulder blades? No kidding.

Stone bathes in his reputation as an amoral shit who will do anything to get "his people" ahead. As a teenager, he worked with Chuck Colson and Lyn Nofziger (Nixon's top sleaze buckets) by infiltrating George McGovern's 1972 Presidential campaign in an attempt to sabotage it.

During Bob Dole's 1996 campaign, tabloids outed Stone and his big-titted Cuban wife, Nydia, as frequent swingers at New York City's The Vault and Washington, D.C.'s Capitol Couples. Stone also placed personal ads. Here's our fave: "INSATIABLE COUPLE…seeks similar couples OR exceptional, muscular single men! She's 40DD-24-36; he's 195, trim, blond, muscular…weakness for in-shape guys in uniform—Marines, Navy, Army, Coast Guard, all military." (Yeah, we bet he does.)

Stone sought studs to fuck his wife "hard and deep." To take a page from Stone's playbook: There's no truth to the rumor that Nydia's hairy asshole got the same "hard and deep" ramming as that of hubby Roger, and there's no proof he ever was cornholed. On top of that, we never said what we just said.

Stone denied knowledge of the solicitous ads and then claimed that a photo of him wearing only a towel was from "an amateur bodybuilding contest." Meanwhile, the grainy Polaroids of his topless, spread-eagled wife were supposedly "from her professional modeling career." Reporters discovered that the ads had been billed to Stone's credit card and that the listed post office box had also been in his name. Stone claimed somebody had swiped his credit card—and, apparently, his mail box. Dole's campaign cut Stone loose, fast.

In 2000, Stone literally caused a riot to disrupt the Bush-Gore recount in Florida's Miami-Dade County. He hauled in scores of out-of-state Republicans wearing Brooks Brothers suits and had them impersonate outraged Florida voters demanding an end to the recount. This clear-cut act of sabotage ultimately voided the election, dropping it in the laps of the U.S. Supreme Court.

Stone also nursed an ongoing grudge against then-New York Governor Eliot Spitzer. The worst dirt he could find was that Spitzer's dad had loaned his son money. Stone seized on this like a street hustler swallowing a glob of jizz, leaving a foul message on the 83-year-old's answering machine: "You will be arrested and brought to Albany, and there's not a goddamn thing your phony, psycho, piece-of-shit son can do about it."

Investigators proved that the call had come from a phone in Stone's apartment; plus, the voice was obviously Stone's. Incredibly, he weaseled out of it, claiming, "I believe this voice tape was doctored" and no doubt created by Spitzer spies. No one in his right mind—or even a Republican—could believe such a colossal pile of bullshit.

Late in 2007, Stone caught wind of a year-long FBI fraud probe designed to uncover financial corruption involving stockbrokers, bankers and politicos of both major parties. Investigators had found connections to the Emperor's Club, an upscale NYC-based escort service. Stone offered the Feds some juicy gossip: Governor Eliot Spitzer had a fondness for pricey hookers.

Under the direction of the Bush Justice Department, the FBI's goal suddenly shifted from monetary malfeasance to a sex scandal. The escort service's clients were listed solely by anonymous ID numbers, so why was it that the only name made public was a Democrat's—Eliot Spitzer? How many Republicans were on that list? We'll never know. Roger "Hard and Deep" Stone was back in action.

And where did Stone get his inside dope? From "a social contact in an adult-themed club." Just imagine: There's Stone watching while his dusky wife receives a bukkake shower from a half-dozen buck Marines, and somebody whispers, "Eliot Spitzer wears socks when he fucks hookers. Pass it on."

During this year's primary campaign, Stone formed a 527—a lobbying group unchecked by federal laws—and named it Citizens United Not Timid. Sure, the name doesn't make sense, but the acronym is CUNT. Get it? As in "Hillary Clinton is a cunt"? Brilliant. Hey, Roger, if you want jokes, turn to page 96. *HUSTLER Humor* is a lot funnier than that.

Stone's cynical motto is "Admit nothing, deny everything, launch counterattack." We suggest another: "Spread your ass cheeks, twist yourself into a pretzel and fuck yourself."

FARTS IN THE WIND

•POPE BENEDICT XVI—born Joseph Ratzinger and a onetime Hitler Youth—has always mouthed the Church line against abortion, gay rights and birth control. But Ratz goes way beyond the usual dogma. As a cardinal, he covered up hundreds of priest molestation cases *and* ordered investigations delayed for up to ten years. As pope, he said in 2008 that the vast scandal was "very badly handled." On the pontiff's recent trip to the U.S., he didn't blame pedophilia on the boy-fucking priests, but on "the values underpinning society." Pronounced his ass-holiness, "What does it mean to speak of child protection when pornography and violence can be viewed in so many homes through media widely available today?" In other words, it's cable television, video games and HUSTLER Magazine that cause adult males to molest little boys and girls in the rectory.

•GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS repeatedly "misspoke" as a top adviser for the Clintons during the first part of Bill's Presidency. Now magically transformed into a "neutral expert," he showed his obvious bias at April 2008's Democratic debate, sucking up to Hillary Clinton and nagging Barack Obama with trivialities and brainless inanities. The *Washington Post* said Stephanopoulos and his ABC cohort "turned in shoddy, despicable performances." The munchkin's response? "We asked tough but appropriate questions." Stephanopoulos is not a journalist. He just plays one on TV—and is lousy at it.

"I admire the way you've had your detractors murdered, and I wondered if you could do me a favor. There's this Keith Olbermann character..."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

Bully: Scholarship Edition

Manufacturer: Rockstar Games
Format: Wii, Xbox 360

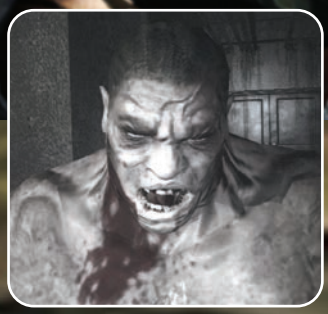
The popular schoolyard smackdown finally graduates to the Wii and Xbox 360 systems. Besides expanded graphics, this edition features eight new missions, four new classes, additional levels of play and extreme ass-kicking action. Plus, two-player offline mini-games include one in which you get to dissect a frog! Want an interactive comedy/action adventure game that lets you rule the school? Well, *Bully* for you!

DOUBLE UP

Army of Two

Manufacturer: EA
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

The most frustrating thing about first-person shooter games is having to confront a formidable adversary on your own. What if you could double your efforts and never have to fight alone again? With *Army of Two* you can! Master dual combat with a live or A.I. partner to become the deadliest force possible. The killer game also boasts the brand-new AGGRO feature for balls-out blasting! Man up!

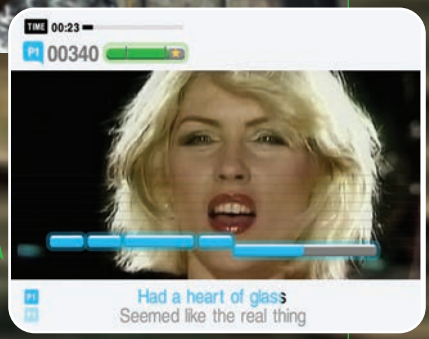


HOUSE OF HORROR

Condemned 2: Bloodshot

Manufacturer: Sega
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Just when things seemed to be going well, the bodies start piling up again! You are renegade special agent Ethan Thomas, society's last hope against an onslaught of evil. Hunter becomes the hunted as you are forced to engage an army of mutants, zombies and twisted maniacs in hand-to-hand combat. Don't worry: You're armed with a barrage of bone-crushing weapons taken from the surrounding environment, including tire irons, bricks, flaming mannequin parts and more. This awesome, fast-paced action game has you feeling like you're really fighting for your life.

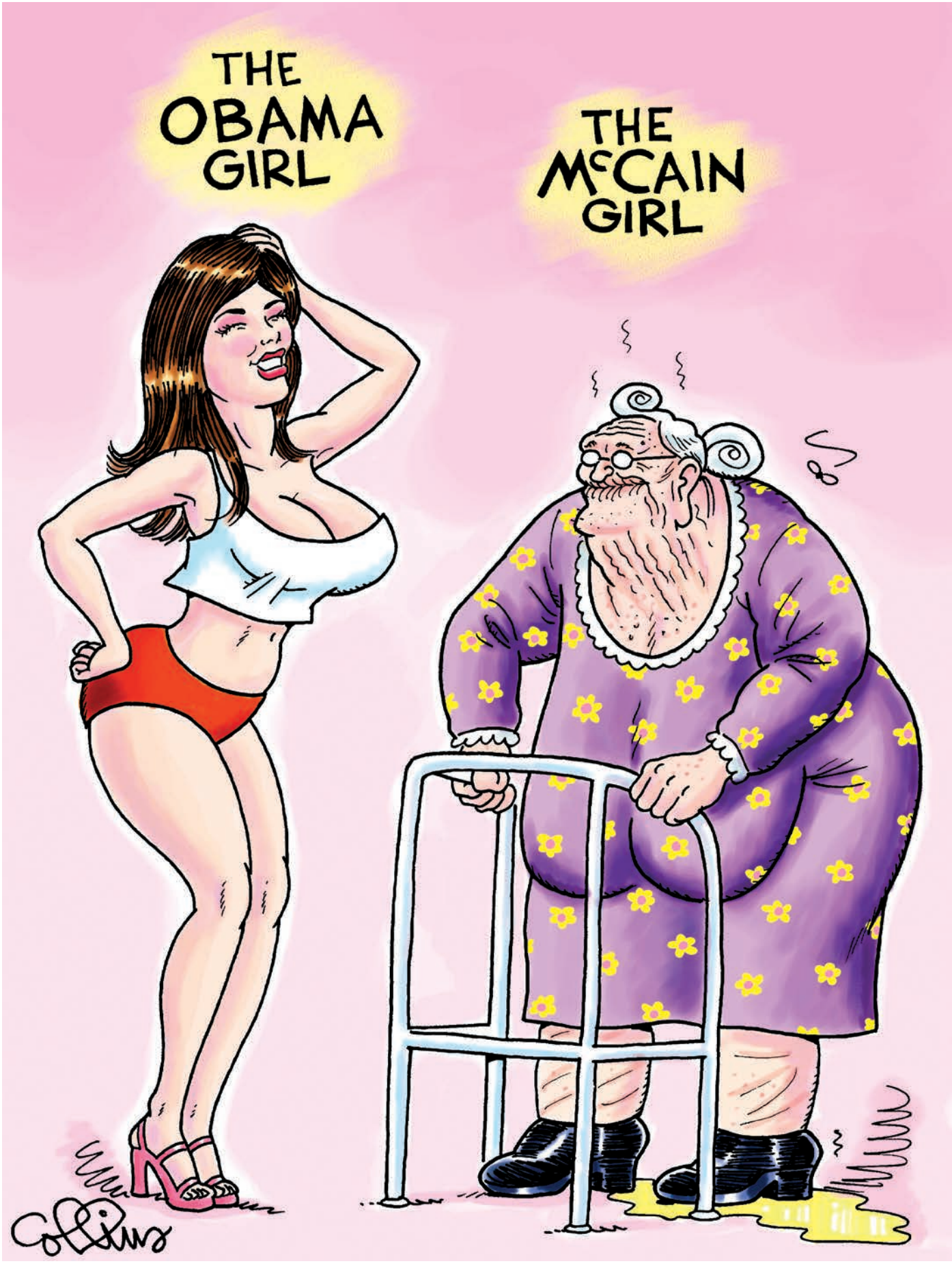


PASS THE MIC

Singstar '80s & Singstar '90s

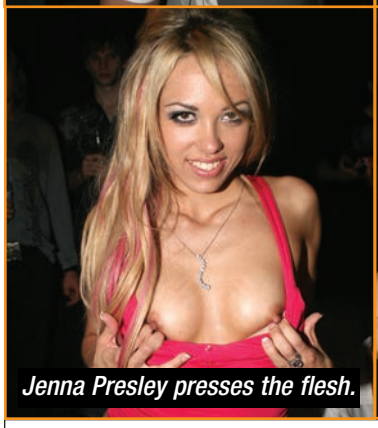
Manufacturer: Sony
Format: PS2

Here's just what you need to get that karaoke-loving girl of yours in the mood. Taking the microphone, you can sing along with a bevy of original artists' recordings and videos. *Singstar '80s* features everyone from Run DMC to A Flock of Seagulls, Blondie and Devo, while the *'90s* lineup includes Vanilla Ice, Nirvana, Extreme and MC Hammer. *Singstar* is the perfect party game for the clumsy wannabe rock star who can't handle (or afford) *Guitar Hero* or *Rock Band*.


THE OBAMA GIRL
THE McCAIN GIRL

Jessica Jaymes keepin' it Tee Reel.

Bill Maher gets handled.


Jenna Presley presses the flesh.

Ditto Angie Savage.

PHOTOS BY CARY RICH STEPHENS

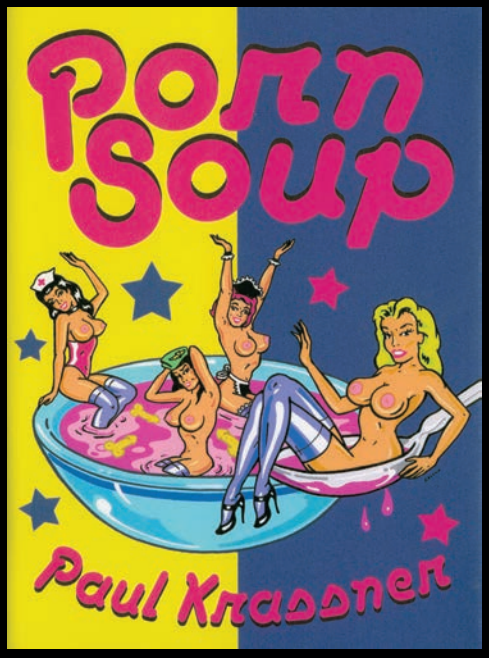
Group grope.

BLOW OUT *THIS* CANDLE!

PORN STARS AND CAKE—man, is there a better combination? How about throwing in a lecherous, politically savvy comic to boot? That was the scene at Jessica Jaymes's birthday blast, where XXX goddesses Angie Savage, Jenna Presley and Britney Stevens mixed and mingled with *Real Time*'s Bill Maher while reassuring Jessica that she still looked young.

"Sex is not the answer. Sex is the question. 'Yes' is the answer." —SWARMI X, COMIC

SOUP'S ON!



COUNTERCULTURE comic icon and occasional HUSTLER coconspirator Paul Krassner's latest book, *Porn Soup*, is a steamy blend of wit, satire and clever erotic short stories. Plus, it's good for you. Check out **PaulKrassner.com**.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Political Tip #1

LADIES, DON'T LIKE THE HEAT? Well, then stay out of the kitchen. We might fuck you there. Thanks and $100 go to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this gem. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Rachael Ray LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

CELEBRITY CHEF and food product huckster Rachael Ray really knows her way around the kitchen. Is that a hotdog in her mouth, or are we just glad to see her? Yummy!

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Rachael Ray actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

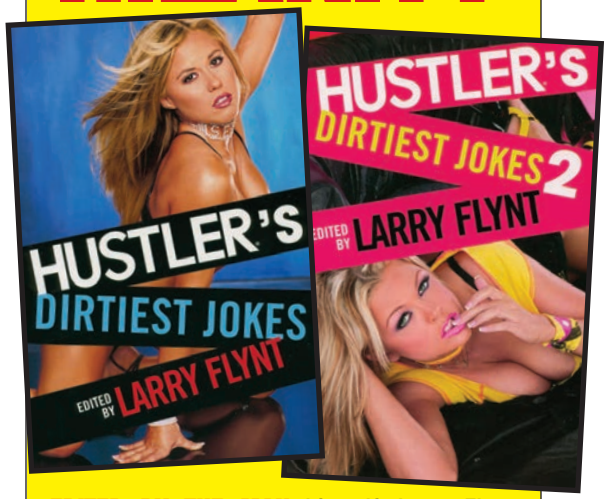
NEWS BABES

REAL-LIFE BARBIE DOLL Heather Moore from KTVK-TV in Phoenix gives it to viewers nightly. We're talking about the news, you perv! Thanks to K.K. for submitting this talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER's News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Political Tip #2

TRADEMARK HILARITY



EDITED BY THE MAN himself, Larry Flynt, *HUSTLER's Dirtiest Jokes* features the rudest, crudest humor you've come to know and love. With a bevy of gut-busters like "The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *virgin* as rookie nookie," you'll be laughing your ass off for days.

HUSTLER's Dirtiest Jokes Volume 1 and *2* are available at better bookstores everywhere.

"No matter how much cats and dogs fight, there always seem to be plenty of kittens." —PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NEWSBITES

Furniture Fucker

An Ohio man was arrested recently for engaging in public sex with the most unlikely partner—a park's picnic table. Police busted the avid outdoorsman after an anonymous tipster handed over three DVDs showing the tabletop perv in action. During questioning, the suspect admitted to having intimate relations with the table on several occasions, in the park and even dragging it into his home. Fucking the table? That's one sure way to ruin a picnic!

Indian Indecency

When you travel all over the globe to visit the Seven Wonders of the Medieval World, take lots of pictures, but it's probably best if you don't take out your cock at one of the historic landmarks. A student from the Netherlands is in a heap of trouble after posting a video of himself flashing his genitals in front of India's Taj Mahal while on a school trip. Hard to believe a little Dutch dick could cause an international incident.

Traffic Jam

A tiny sports car may look really cool on the road, but it's not exactly the ideal love nest. A British couple discovered this the hard way when they had to be cut out of their parked vehicle mid-fuck. Seems the amorous auto enthusiasts got trapped inside the tiny two-seater after the man was suddenly immobilized by a slipped disc. Wow, some people do know how to drive!

Preteen Pole Dancer

We like young girls, but not this young! Dallas city officials are up in arms after discovering that a 12-year-old stripper was performing legally due to a loophole in a local ordinance. God bless Texas! They grow 'em big and start 'em young.

Sign of the Times

THERE'S NO WAY we're letting a dentist named Peter Cummings, who practices at a place called Hancock Dental, put anything in our mouth. Thanks to C.C. of Ellsworth, Maine, for this submission.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

Bill advising Tony Snow:

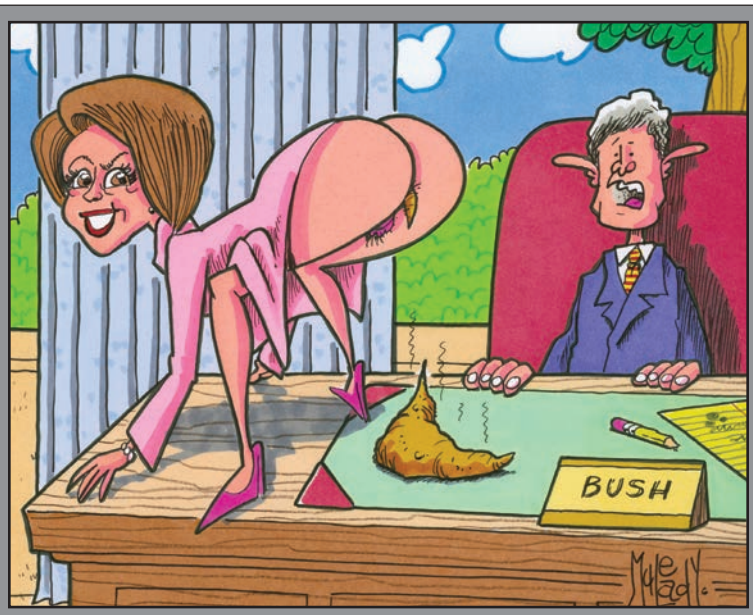
You can combine how I deal with cancer with how I deal with the White House press corps. Because they're both insidious, invasive. They both have to be wiped out.

Hey, Bill, we're still waiting for a cure for loudmouth political pundits.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Political Tip #3

Our Founding Fathers were a bunch of powdered-wig-wearing humps. Sorry to say, but it's true.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Dammit, Pelosi! When I said to put something on my desk that I can sign, I meant legislation!"

"Sex: In America, an obsession; in other parts of the world, a fact." — MARLENE DIETRICH, ACTRESS

Danzig rocks Kimberly Kane.

Tori Black in black.

Big and beautiful.

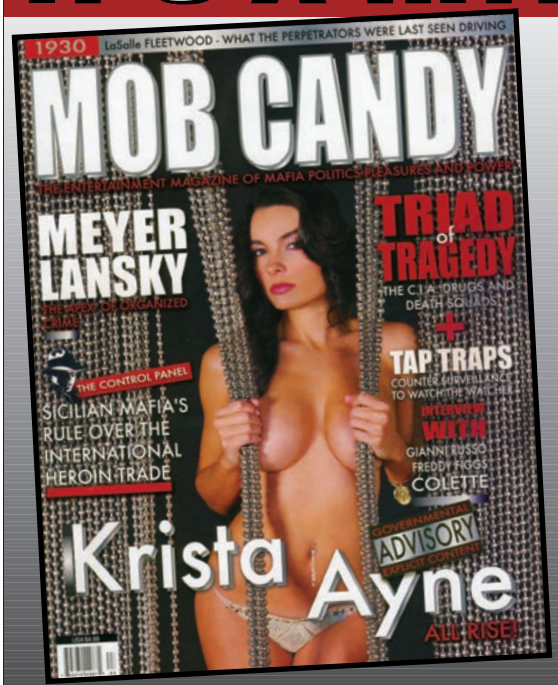
Startling starlets.

PHOTOS BY CARY RICH STEPHENS

YOUNG & WILLING

SOME OF PORN'S hottest new starlets got together to celebrate the release of the latest Kimberly Kane DVD, *Young Hollywood*. Tori Black, Ashley Blue and Lindsey Meadows were in the house, as was rocker Glenn Danzig, who showed up to press the fresh flesh. Ah, youth!

IT'S A HIT!



NOW HERE'S AN OFFER you can't refuse: a magazine that features sexy girls and Mafia culture. Forget about it! *Mob Candy* is our new favorite publication. We're not saying that because the publishers may be "connected." Let's just say they're "friends of ours" and leave it at that.

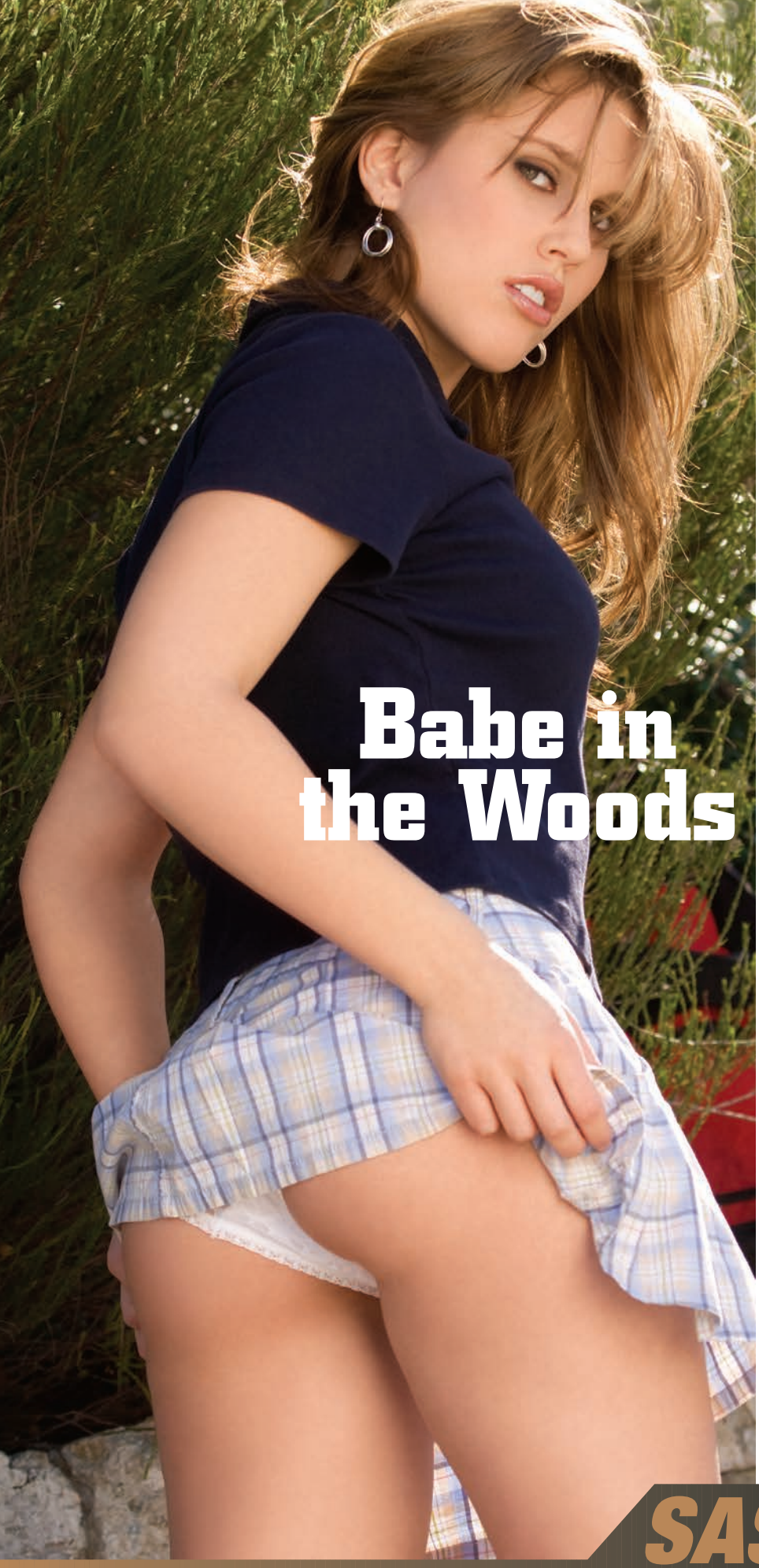
BUCKY BEAVER'S Political Tip #4

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

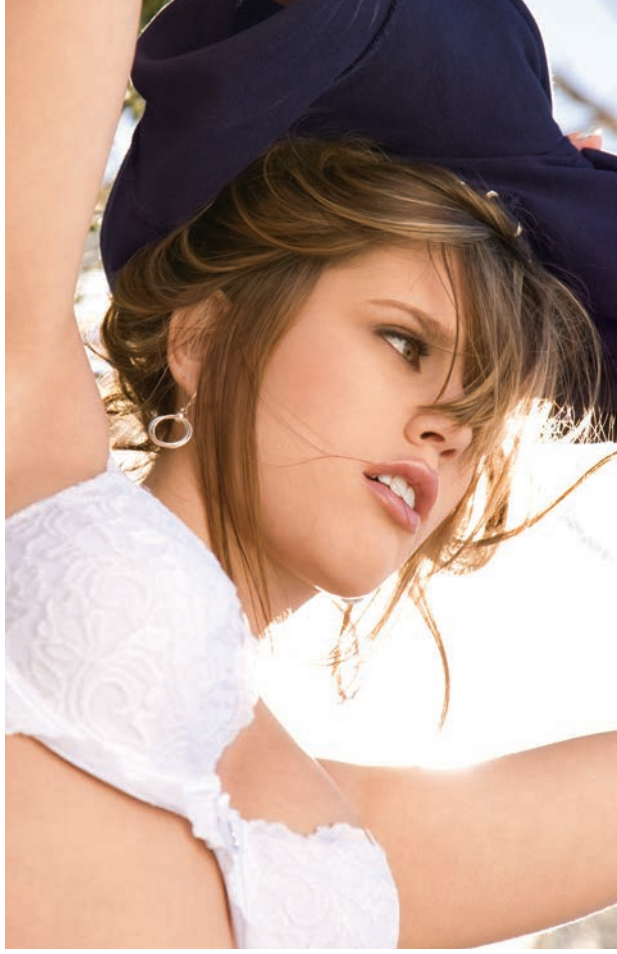
IN THE LATE 1980s, character actor Charles Fleischer was the voice of Roger Rabbit. Nowadays he hangs around our offices, talking crazy and cracking up the receptionist. Check out our exclusive interview with the frantic funnyman, beginning on page 102.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

"Just saying 'no' prevents teenage pregnancy the way 'Have a nice day' cures chronic depression." —FAYE WATTLETON, EX-PRESIDENT OF PLANNED PARENTHOOD



Babe in the Woods



SASHA HEART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

No one in my family was really surprised I ended up as a nude model/porn starlet in the making," admits country girl **Sasha Heart**. "I've always been *very* comfortable showing off my body. This is a natural career choice for me. I've just started doing films, and I think I can make a name for myself in the adult industry. I'm young and willing to give it my all. I know some girls fake it, but I really do get off during my scenes."

Oozing with self-confidence, **Sasha** adds, "I look at superstars like Jenna Jameson and Jesse Jane and think I could be as big as them. They're my heroes and inspirations. My fantasy is to one day do a girl-on-girl video with Jesse. I'd like nothing more than to bury my face in her legendary pussy. She is so hot!"

And so is **Sasha**—at a XXX shoot or wherever she wants to put out. "I'd have to say that my sex life is wild," the newbie confides. "I'm a bit of a control freak, so I need to be on top. It's been that way since the first time I had sex. I was with an older guy who was very concerned about me getting off. He taught me how to ride him to victory. Sadly, after that I dated a couple of selfish dudes. So, guys, when I invite you to my bed, be ready for me to mount you. Remember, if you get me off, I'll more than return the favor."

SASHA'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Erlanger, Kentucky | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4

COED'S BODY-SURFING BENDER

I was bored out of my fuckin' skull. It had been three days since midterms ended, and the bliss of doing absolutely nothing had turned to total boredom. Most of my gal pals had taken off for the holidays, my sometime boyfriend had dumped me last week, and there was nothing but reruns on TV. To top it all off, I was horny. I rummaged through the nightstand for my vibrator, only to find the batteries dead. Fuck!

At least there was an ice-cold 12-pack in the fridge. Four beers into it, I had an epiphany of sorts. I decided that what I really needed was a fling—an afternoon of sweaty, passionate, anonymous sex with no strings attached.

So I headed for the beach. It was winter in California, and the usual crowds had moved inland, leaving the strand to the locals and the surfers. I sat on the dunes for a while, watching the boys ride the waves, trying to pick out a fave. Horny as I was, they all looked beautiful, with slender, athletic builds in wet suits. And those tight butt cheeks. *Mmmm.* I had narrowed it down to two or three when a little surfer girl sat down beside me, said, "Hey!" and handed me a flask.

I recognized the taste of my favorite tequila and looked at the girl more closely. Nineteen, maybe 20, tanned, shaggy blond hair, blue bikini top and board shorts. Gorgeous. "You surf?" she asked.

"Nah," I smiled. "Just shopping."

Laughing, she moved a little closer. Her thigh touched mine, and my pussy tingled. I took another swig and felt my cheeks flush with warmth. Girl-on-girl isn't usually my thing—in fact, I'd only had two "experiments." But when I took a sidelong glance and saw how very long and hard my new friend's nipples looked, pressing against her swimsuit, my mouth watered.

By the time the flask was empty, we were necking. Surfer girl kept sucking on my tongue and planting love bites up and down my throat till I was out-of-control-horny-in-lust. It was time to take this to the next level, but where?

That's when the cutie took my hand and led me to an empty lifeguard stand. We couldn't get inside—it was locked tight—but it would be pretty hard to see us on the deck in back. Dropping to her knees, my seductress nipped her way up my inner thighs to my bikini bottoms and tugged them down with her teeth.

I spread my legs a little wider, and with her tongue flat she lapped my quim from back to front over and over again. Damn, that felt good! I held on to the railing as soon as my knees started to buckle, but when surfer girl decided to nibble on my clit, I crumbled to the wooden deck. It was a powerful climax, the kind that leaves a woman gasping and grateful, anxious to make her partner feel the same way.

As I was moving my hands to grab her butt cheeks, my fingers brushed against the flask, and a lightbulb went on in my head.

So I tore off the girl's bikini top to get at her taut nipples. They were dark, fat and a good half-inch long! By all the moaning she did when I started suckling, those tit buds were incredibly sensitive too. I tongued my way down to her bellybutton as I yanked her shorts to her ankles.

Surfer girl had a full blond bush! Cool. I got lost in it, tugging at her pubes with my teeth, curling them around my fingers. It was all so new to me. It wasn't until I felt her hand pressing down on my head that I realized girlfriend was getting impatient for me to move on to the main event.

Spreading her labes, I dicked my tongue into pink as far as fuckin' possible. As I was moving my hands to grab her butt cheeks, my fingers brushed against the flask, and a lightbulb went on in my head. Soon I was corkscrewing the neck of that flask into her anus as I tongue-fucked her twat. And blondie was loving it! Pussy jizz streamed into my mouth and over my cheeks. Delicious! I didn't stop screwing and licking until my lover climaxed twice.

Then surfer girl and I necked some more, comparing flavors. We parted without knowing each other's name. I guess it was exactly what I'd wanted—sweaty, passionate, anonymous sex. But now I can't stop thinking about the hottie, and I sure wish I had her phone number.

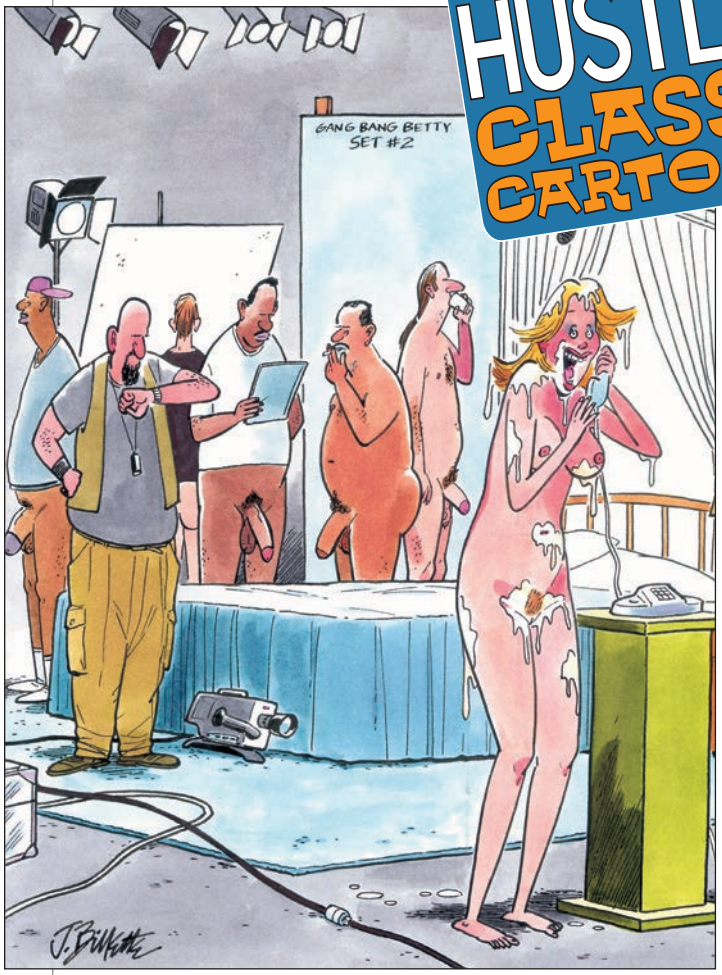
—N.J.
Malibu, California

"Tell me the truth, Bill. Do these pants make my balls look big?"

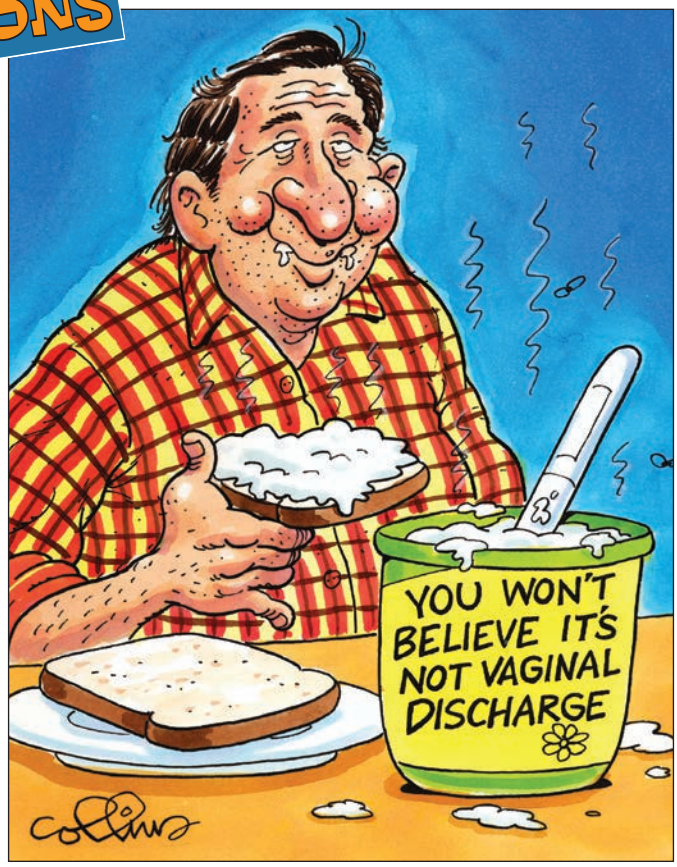
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Fuck five-card draw, boys! It's time to play some Texas Hold 'Em!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

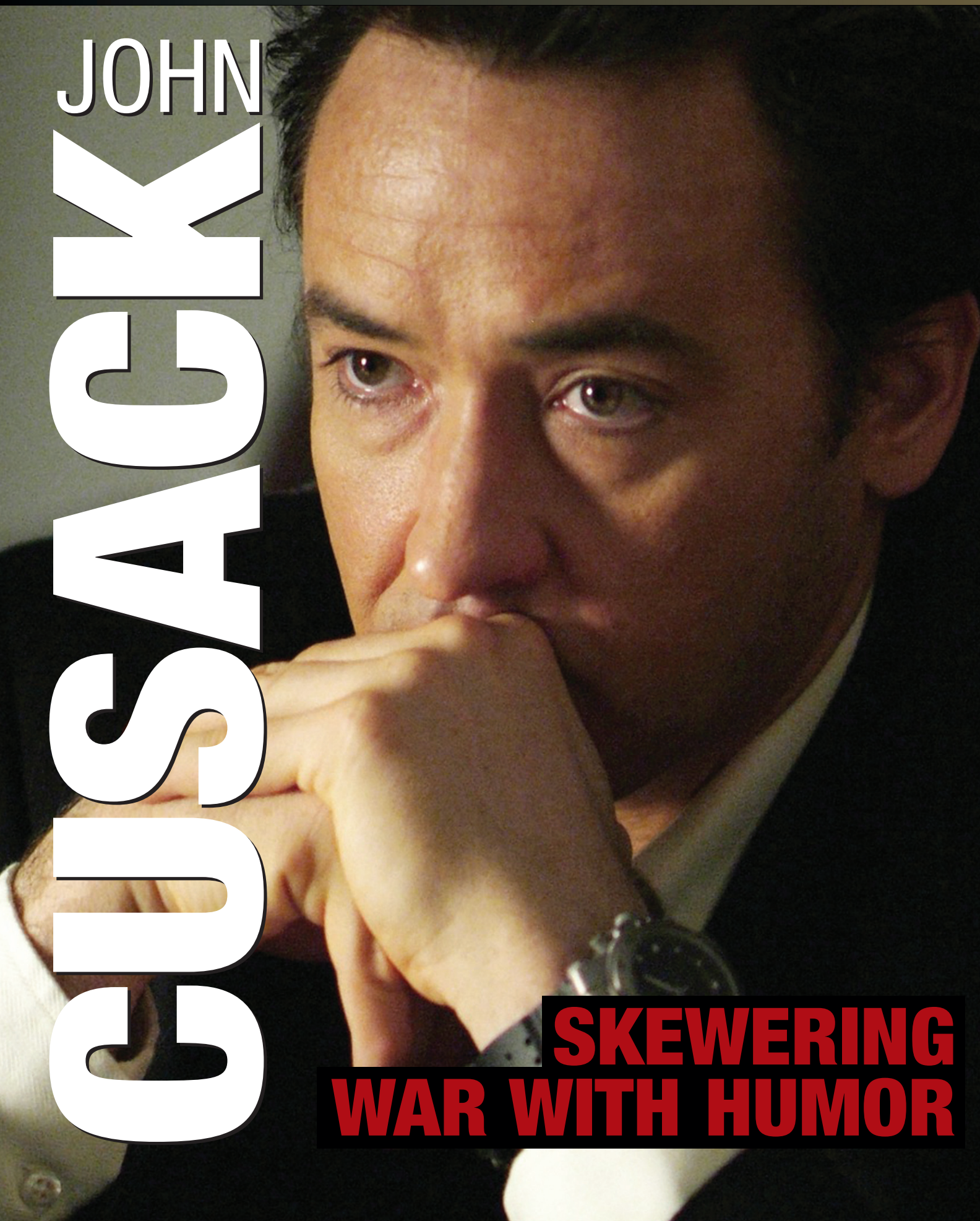


"Mom, I made it! I'm in the movies!"



INTERVIEW BY LARISA ALEXANDROVNA

JOHN CUSACK



SKEWERING WAR WITH HUMOR

THE MAVERICK ACTOR SLAMS CORPORATE GREED—AND THE MEDIA—WITH THE BLACK COMEDY *WAR, INC.*

Actor, writer, producer John Cusack has a lot to say about this country's domestic and foreign policies. Although he frequently uses such forums as the *Huffington Post* to express criticism of the Bush Administration, his film *War, Inc.* pulls out all the stops to shine light on the privatization of war.

A number of cast members (including his sister Joan Cusack, Marisa Tomei, Hilary Duff, Dan Aykroyd, Ben Kingsley, Ben Cross and Montel Williams) came aboard because of their relationship with Cusack and enthusiasm for the film's message. The plot revolves around a corporate hitman, Brand Hauser (Cusack), hired by a corrupt defense contractor to assassinate the oil minister of a fictional Middle Eastern country that has been invaded by the U.S. The contractor's CEO (Aykroyd) is a former Vice President, the character obviously based on VP (and former Halliburton head honcho) Dick Cheney.

Cusack sat down with HUSTLER contributor Larisa Alexandrovna to discuss the film, his political views and the state of mainstream media, which he feels has failed in its role as the public watchdog.

LARISA ALEXANDROVNA: What possessed you to wake up one day and say to yourself, "I want to make a dark comedy about the Iraq War and corporate greed"?

JOHN CUSACK: There is a great tradition of satire or absurdist comedy that mocks and tries to take down power elites and orthodoxies, whether it's the church or the aristocracy or the state. It is not really a new idea. For example, the Marx Brothers, Preston Sturges, Terry Southern, [Bertolt] Brecht.

John Cusack shares a scene with his sister Joan Cusack.

Is Terry Gilliam an influence here? Stylistically, *War, Inc.* resembles his classic *Brazil*.

Absolutely—and even [Franz] Kafka. I would even say the incendiary political cartoons of George Grosz or the writings of Hunter S. Thompson. There are so many influences and traditions of this type of thought—satire with teeth, or comedy as serious business. It's escaping and laughing at things that are not supposed to be funny. It is supposed to make you think but not overtly. You are not sure if you should be laughing.

Yes, of course, the "rebellion in a safe setting" thing. But what prompted you, John Cusack, to say, "I am going to make a black comedy about the Iraq War"?

What made me [make the film] was what I thought was behind the Iraq invasion, a kind of corporatist ideology that has been trying to take over and engulf the great things about America and the American dream.

Yes, the first fully privatized war with nonprivatized casualties.

In fact, *War, Inc.* is really taking trends to their logical conclusion. There has been a movement in the past 35 years, a corporate revolution to replace the state. If you read *The Shock Doctrine* [by Naomi Klein], you can see this trend. Naomi is on the vanguard as a journalist, reporter and thinker.

Is your movie based on *The Shock Doctrine*?

No, actually we were working on the film, and her piece "Baghdad Year Zero" came out in *Harper's* [April 2003], and it inspired us to dig deeper. As we were making the film, we sent her the script—I was lucky enough to become friends with her—so we asked Naomi what she thought, and she was totally onboard as a friend. She was not an official collaborator or anything, but she was very supportive of the film.

Your character's name, Brand Hauser, seems to be a play on words. Am I reading way too much into it?

You're half-right. I think Hauser sounds like howitzer. The right-wing uses the aesthetics of authoritarianism; American patriotism is the cover for what they do. They use a frontier model where George Bush plays cowboy, and so the idea of "branding" images is all connected in this way with the character.

Right, and there is also the whole double entendre of branding—as in cattle, the ownership society. Does your character represent something more complex?

WAR, INC. IMAGES COURTESY FIRST LOOK STUDIOS

Marisa Tomei and Cusack in the devastated fictional version of Baghdad.

I think Hauser is kind of like a full-spectrum Samurai. Samurai were warriors with a code, and they were left really wandering around as guns for hire. So they were mercenaries who had been corrupted, and then they left a corrupt situation and made an allegiance in a corrupt world. We thought of that, plus the assassin metaphor is a particularly good one for our foreign policy because Hauser does not necessarily equate who he is with what he does.

You have him constantly imbibing Donny Loo's Fever Juice. Is the drink a transformative device?

We thought it would be funny if he has this thing he takes that blocks out [memories] but also gives him a kick-start. It's a public show, a test too. Remember [Watergate burglar] G. Gordon Liddy used to put a flame to his arm, to burn his flesh to prove that he still had the discipline.

That's one helluva party trick for a sociopath.

(*Laughs.*) So this is our G. Gordon Liddy party trick, this mixture of jet propulsion and self-flagellation.

Ah, so there is an element of guilt, no?

Yeah, I think so. Or there is an element of trying to drown out his past.

How do you actually get ready for roles like this? Do you randomly sniff out some retired CIA guy to talk to, or do you just wing it?

I know a lot about that sort of thing. Ultimately I was more worried about trying to get the film together.

Did you and director Joshua Seftel sit down together and decide who would be cast in a particular role?

We worked together closely. It was very collaborative. But you know, we did not have a lot of time or money, so we had to come in and shoot fast.

Were you guys having a hard time getting a distributor for *War, Inc.*?

Oh, yeah. It was really hard to get a break for it, because it's crazy.

Well, crazy or not, look at the cast.

Bush was strutting around like a conquering hero, and [his minions] were standing up on podiums saying, "These people better watch what they say," cuing all these McCarthyism threats. So there wasn't anybody rushing to take on the neocon agenda and how it is destroying this country and [take on] the whole corporatist war, this cancer devouring our society. I don't think the financiers wanted to take the risk.

Are you finding it easier now?

I think everyone has been really surprised. People thought that because it is so controversial and structurally experimental—[if you tell] someone you want to do a film that is essentially an incendiary political cartoon, part Telemundo soap opera, part George Grosz—[you can't expect] they will say, "Okay! Let's release it!" (*Laughs.*) But as people have seen it, there has been a rush to use it as a springboard in the media to talk about these ideas [behind the film]. Ultimately, studios and distributors are seeing now that people are getting it more than they thought [they] would get it.

You mean people in the political—

People like you. People who are interested in it and want to write about it. So we have gotten way more media interest in it than anyone ever thought we would. And the thing is, it is a total grassroots vibe. It has not come from the top down. We have not gotten any big corporate support. It's all coming from political writers and journalists who do not even write about movies, like *Raw Story*, and from progressive blogs like *Crooks and Liars.* So some of the bigger corporate media were like, "Oh, what's that movie?" or "What's everybody talking about?" A lot of them would not even touch it five months ago. When we put out word [to the media], they were like, "Oh, I don't know if I see the world that way." Now it has totally shifted.

Do you think the corporate press shares responsibility with the Bush Administration for the Iraq War?

You can almost respect the criminals more than the enablers in some sick way. What the Bush Administration has done is criminal. It should be treated as a crime. The idea that people who call themselves journalists let these lies go on unchecked and endorsed them time and time again is [unpardonable].

Don't get me wrong. I think great journalism is heroic.

Bush admitted to approving meetings in the White House about enhanced interrogation techniques. You have the President of the United States admitting on television that he not only authorized torture, but has made it a for-profit industry. So at least these people have the courage to be the criminals that they are.

The media, journalists—nothing, no follow-up questions. You can see them going, "Oh, let's just go back to talking about how Obama is or is not an elitist." Don't get me wrong. I am not making a blanket condemnation of all journalists. But these people in the corporate press—I mean, how many times does Dick Cheney go on *Meet the Press* and just get

*Hilary Duff portrays the Middle Eastern diva at the heart of **War, Inc.**'s plot.*

softballs from Tim Russert? That is what I mean. I think the corporate press is absolutely culpable [for the Iraq War].

Or how about the *New York Times* and Judith Miller's pre-invasion articles?

Nobody talked about how it is a war crime to invade a sovereign country in a war of aggression. You know, [the post-World War II tribunals at] Nuremberg said that an illegal invasion of a sovereign country in a war of aggression is a supreme war crime.

Yes, absolutely true. In fact, a former chief prosecutor in the Nuremberg trials, Benjamin Ferencz (who successfully convicted 22 Nazi officers) recently said that "a *prima facie* case can be made that the United States is guilty of the supreme crime against humanity, that being an illegal war of aggression against a sovereign nation."

Right.

I think the corporate press should be held more responsible for the Iraq War because the public has put their trust in the press to protect them from the government machinations, distortions and lies, especially in matters of life and death.

But I also think the same could be said of the Democrats, who I have some sympathy for, but not much. I mean [Speaker of the House Nancy] Pelosi said, "Impeachment is off the table." What does that mean? That someone can commit a crime and that it just goes unaccountable until maybe a Democrat can win the White House?

I think it means that Congress has abdicated its duty.

Don't get me wrong. I don't mean to make a blanket statement. I am a great fan of [Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee] John Conyers, [Senator] Russ Feingold and [Congresswoman] Jan Schakowsky. But there are [other] Democrats in Congress who are compromised, just like many mainstream journalists. I don't think Keith Olbermann has rolled over or Naomi Klein, so again I don't want to make blanket generalizations.

Speaking of courageous journalists, I would throw in Jonathan Landay, Warren Strobel and Seymour Hersh.

Yeah. And Bill Moyers, who is a lifelong hero of mine.

Mine too, but you are singling out investigative journalists, and I would add the noncorporate or alternative press.

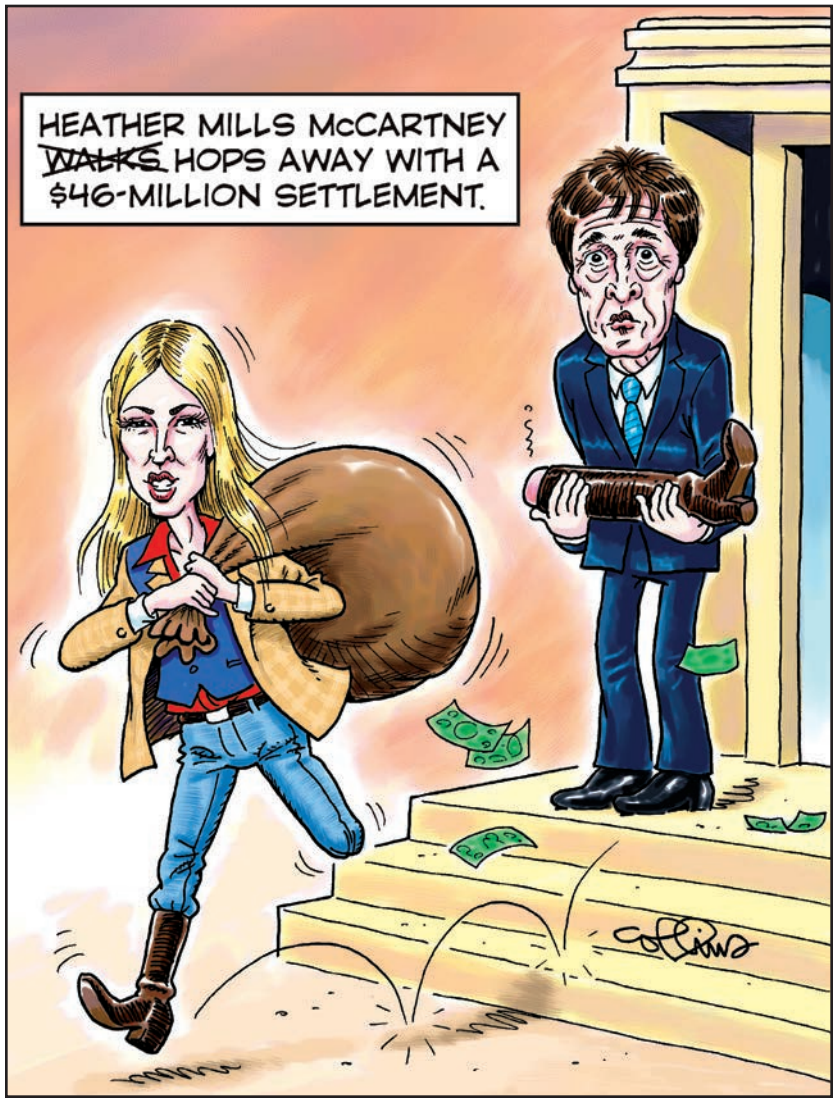
Yes. And the alternative press for sure.

One more question. If you could say anything to Dick Cheney, what would you say?

"You have the right to remain silent."

Larisa Alexandrovna, *Raw Story*'s managing editor of investigative news, regularly reports on intelligence and national security matters for the Web site (**RawStory.com**), where the original version of her John Cusack Q&A appeared.

"Most people believe that huge lending institutions don't care. Well, we don't. Be out of your house by the 15th!"



BOINK-ING BACK TO CAMPUS

Peer advice to the lovelorn, the curious and the just plain horny.

I began writing for *Boink* nearly three years ago, back when I was still a virgin sporting nipple rings. Since then, the quarterly sex magazine has gotten a lot of hype and publicity, as well as transformation into a best-selling paperback. Published by and for college students, *Boink* is a forum in which to talk about sex, unbridled and unabashedly. Throughout this time, I've had the opportunity to observe a good chunk of the overall collegiate Zeitgeist. So I'm ready, boys and girls, to impart the wisdom I've accumulated over the past four years, both from my own experiences and from those of friends and fellow *Boink*-ers.

The end of sun-filled days draws nigh, and it's time to get back to school. You pack your porn mags (*Boink* and HUSTLER are among them, I hope), wipe away a tear and say goodbye to ice cream, beaches and bikini-clad girls. Before you go off into the world of language, literature, science and mathematics, you're gonna get some College Sex 101.

Where do we begin? Shall we wax poetic? Oh, the odious ode to the *cunt*, the *cock*, the hardness and the softness and the warm, wet white. What can I say about sex that hasn't already been said? Shall I call it *le sexe*? *El sexo*? *Il sesso*? Whatever way you say the word, sex has held a rather public life outside the bedroom since God-knows-when. And why not?

Sex is the reason you're here, as your parents have undoubtedly said at some point while you—still a squeamish adolescent—covered your ears in horror. It is an act that bestows us with the gift of wet, veiny, bloody, screaming life, and it feels fucking terrific! So let's skip the dim lighting and get down and dirty. Let's begin Discovery Channel-style:

HOW TO GET 'EM: We'll start by looking to academia's tried-and-true mating rituals: the songs and dances of love, the Miller High Life swagger of jacked-up frat boys, the Smirnoff shrieks of sorority sisters unevenly colored by tanning beds, their lips slick with fruit-flavored lacquer. Observe the typical off-campus dance club: Boys get their $1 beers; girls who want to seem cool get their $1 beers; girls who want to seem hot and girly get their $2 screwdrivers and beg the poor, swamped bartender for little pink umbrellas. Females dance on each other to attract male attention, while the males lean against the bar, arms crossed, pondering their prey and their plans of attack.

In a brilliant scholarly essay in the *Boink Book*, "The Mating Rituals of Choches & Sorostitues," Julianna says that a female college student will act much more inebriated than she actually is, allowing the male to: A) believe he has a good chance of bedding her and thus will be more likely to try; and B) believe the female would not be so easy in sobriety and thus will have a bit more respect for her. Once he is ready to make his move, the male will "shuffle" up to the female and "[rub] his clothed genitals against the female's clothed buttocks, either in or out of sync with the music." You, boys and girls, may give this a go and see if it works for you.

Then again, you could always go for a professor—maybe, ladies, that hottie who teaches French. But remember, he is probably nothing more than an overeducated, pathetic bachelor. He is not exotic, not mysterious, like you have no doubt drawn him to be in your mind. He eats Fritos and Easy Mac for dinner most nights. He goes to bars to hit on women in high heels, and he is always turned down. He masturbates to badly pixelated pornography on the Internet, and gunk winds up *everywhere*—all over his hands, the keyboard, the monitor. He cleans up with a towel relegated specifically for that purpose.

This girl I knew had an affair with one of her profs during her sophomore year. His fingers were thick, his eyes Husky-dog blue, face wrinkled in odd places—notably the bottom half of one cheek, as if he had spent many nights lying on one side of his body, face smooshed against a stiff cotton pillowcase. But the guy had a *nice* ass, and—like I said—blue eyes and thick fingers, and we all know that thick fingers mean…Well, *do* they mean *anything*?

Anyway, at first the whole ordeal was romantic and exciting. The prof sent his young student on a scavenger hunt to the library, where he'd hidden the copy of Marguerite Duras's *The Lover* he'd purchased at Barnes & Noble. Soon after, he got a bit too obsessive, and the girl had to kick him to the curb.

HOW TO AVOID 'EM: That being said, Lia Namikawa and Lucas Zanzi have compiled a list of characters with whom a sexual relationship may be undesirable. Their article "In a Bad Lay" (*Boink* #4) warns of the proverbial Older Man, the Humbert Humbert looking for his ideal nymphet. (Although, I have to say, *Lolita* is one of my favorite novels.)

Regarding men whose age is uncertain, Lia and Lucas suggest, "Look for the beginning signs of crow's-feet around his eyes, and hair in places your Dad has bought 'trimmers' for." And, guys, say Lia and Lucas, do watch out for the Sasquatch, the odd-smelling girl with the unfortunate face who tricks innocent, drunk frat boys into hour-long cuddle sessions by promising sex. How to ditch her? "Never, ever return her phone calls. Make it obvious you're avoiding her."

SEX AND THE ROOMIE: So, once you *have* found a mate that is to your liking (for one night or perhaps even longer), there's still the problem of the roommate. Lucky for me, my boyfriend's has a sort of anthropological fascination with porn, so he can walk in on us fucking without batting an eye. But here's a tip for those of you who aren't graced with the same fortune: Establish some sort of code with your roomie—the old scrunchie/cowboy hat on the doorknob works, but how about something a bit more direct? Leave his/her bedding outside the door with a note that announces, "I'm getting laid. Sweet dreams."

You just want the girl out of your room. You fucked. You're done. What do you do?

If *you're* the one being booted, take some pointers from another great piece in the *Boink Book*: "Out of Sexile: You're Not Bitter, You're Better." Shona suggests getting a drinking buddy. Coincidentally (or perhaps not), hers is the roommate of the guy *her* roommate is usually fucking. Drinking with someone and trashing your inconsiderate roomie is always a good, productive way to pass the time, but Shona warns: "Under no circumstances should you do anything of intimate nature with your drinking buddy. All that will follow is awkwardness and the possible loss of your supplier, neither of which will do anything to help your original problem."

And if you find yourself in sexile more often than not, Shona adds, exercise your right as a resident of Columbia 13A (or what have you) and use what God gave you—your key! "Depending on your level of frustration and how often you find yourself sexiled by said roommate," she says, "I suggest letting the door stay open while you rummage around for an unnecessarily long time, searching for whatever it is you want to take with you. Inform them that they have ten minutes to get their shit together before you return. … Punctuate this as you leave with a brief, barely audible expletive: Motherfuckers!"

SOLO ACTION: If you still haven't found someone to do it with, there's always your hand, pocket pussy or vibrator. But remember, masturbation can be just as loud as sex *a deux*, especially if there's a battery-operated toy involved. So, boys and girls, lock your door, take off your pants or panties and follow this tip for toys that make noise: Wrap a pair of underwear around the toy to muffle the sound, turn on some music—or a fan, vacuum, chainsaw, whatever—and keep it under the covers.

HOW TO LOSE 'EM: Okay, so you fucked a girl from Toronto who was down visiting a friend. She was lithe and petite, eyes dark and wet like a frightened deer's. You had to convince her to sleep with you. You told her that she was hot, that you were attracted to her because she was interested in quantum physics, when in all reality you were just horny, and she was only around for the night—perfect.

When you were in bed, she wanted to get high. After you finished a joint, you went down on her. She tasted thick and briny. Panting lightly, she took your hand and shoved two of your fingers inside her. Soon you were fucking like bunnies.

Problem is, it's the next morning, and she's scouring your shelves for cereal, saying she wants to stay an extra day and "get to know you some more." You just want the girl out of your room. You fucked. You're done. What do you do? Here are some plans of action:

1. Tell her that you really enjoyed last night and that you're glad she's so understanding—what, with your having AIDS and all.

2. Surreptitiously *(continued on page 108)*

CONFESSIONS OF A CONSLUT

Sun Karma ponches with Eric "CHiPs" Estrada.

ROVING REPORTER SUN KARMA CAVORTS WITH DRAGON*CON'S SCI-FI GEEKS, GREEK GODS AND CHRISTIAN CON-VERTS

Dragon*Con is America's largest multimedia pop culture convention that focuses on science fiction, fantasy, gaming, comics and movies. Since 1987 the zany gathering has become a major Atlanta cultural event, topping 20,000 attendees at its hotel venues. To the casual passerby, it's a horde of nerds and geeks dressed in extremely silly-looking costumes who tie up traffic. But Dragon*Con's fans often stand in incredibly long lines for hours just to meet, talk and take photos with their favorite stars.

During the day the atmosphere is somewhat more family-friendly. However, well-versed enthusiasts know that the true action doesn't start until after sundown, when the bona fide freaks—called ConSluts—come out.

ConSluts Sun Karma and gal pal ogle Kevin "Hercules" Sorbo.

According to **ConSluts.com**, the daffynition of *ConSlut* is: "A regular convention attendee known to engage in acts of debauchery, including but not limited to late-night carousing, consumption of alcohol and questionable liaisons."

And I'm just the girl for the job! Intent on looking for the most outrageously costumed geeks around, I arrive with my partners in crime, David (garbed in Guyver body armor) and Charlene (clad as Tarot, a character inspired by the astrology cards). First, I ask my henchmen, "What brings people to Dragon*Con?"

"It's the only place that geeks can gather to get laid every year," Charlene spouts. "Forget about the elaborate costumes. We use Velcro for easy access!"

David agrees: "It's the only socially acceptable place for geeks to be around other geeks and not feel bad for being themselves."

Much to my dismay, I encounter far too many *Star Wars* aficionados. When the clock strikes nine, it's time for the Wolfpack ConSluts party.

Upon arrival, I dig into my purse for a swig of tequila (liquid courage). The door to Babylon opens, and I enter. Let the games begin! The adult-video companies Digital Playground, Wicked Pictures and Adam & Eve sponsor wild events called "What's in My Pants?," "30 Seconds to Fame" and the ever-

PHOTOS BY SUN KARMA

popular "Banana-Eating Contest." As the last girl performs fellatio on her fruity phallus, I turn around and…wait! Is that actually Hercules?! Yes, it's actor Kevin Sorbo. After mispronouncing his name—Sorbonne, Sorbet, Sunbonnet—I finally give up speaking and just smile as Kevin says, "I know who you are: Sun Karma!"

I nearly faint. I am wide-eyed, staring at Kevin, who can't stop staring at my tattooed tits. Granted, I'm wearing a fishnet top and electrical tape over my nips, but still. In the meantime, Gordon Michael Woolvett—who costarred with Kevin in the sci-fi TV series *Andromeda*—comes over and introduces himself. We take a photo.

Later, David informs me, "Hercules has it hot for your boobs. He asked me a few times what was going on between us and what was up with you." *Was* he now? David is my boy toy for the moment, but since he can deal with competition, I go for it and proceed to bait Kevin.

"Sooooo, how is California? Aren't you married?" I fire off questions faster than an M16. Kevin just stands and stares at me—or rather, my boobage. I give him more to look at by peeling off the electrical tape. Ec-static electricity! I get David to take a photo with Charlene kneeling while I stand and hug Kevin (making sure my breasts get in the way). He gives me his room number. I forget it. Classic.

Day Two: I'm reminded how popular the character Guyver is. David, masquerading in his biomechanic attire, is coined "the Guyver Guy" and is an anime lover's wet dream. Using his skills as a special-effects artist, David created his own costume and has *(continued on page 98)*

"Jesus told me I needed a handjob."

DRAGON*CON'S SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

Dragon*Con 2008 will take place in Atlanta from August 29 to September 1 (Labor Day weekend). The host hotels are where the major parties are! Be sure to mention you're attending Dragon*Con when you call to book a room, otherwise you may be quoted a higher rate or be told the hotel is sold out.

Hilton Atlanta
404-659-2000
Hyatt Regency Atlanta
404-577-1234
Atlanta Marriott Marquis
404-521-0000

For more information, picture galleries, etc., go to **DragonCon.org** (telephone: 770-909-0115), **Wolfpack-scifi.org**, **ConSluts.com** and **Frolicon.com.**

TATIANA MOORE

My Space or Yours?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

After we introduced Tatiana Moore as a MySpace Girl in our July '08 issue, her friends count shot through the roof. "I can't believe all the positive response I got from that shoot," the cyberbabe marvels. "I guess everyone really enjoyed seeing me naked, which is cool because I've wanted to be an adult model my whole life. I was brought up in a very restrictive household where sex wasn't something you talked about. Now that's all I talk and think about!"

Getting Tatiana to discuss her latest erotic kick was a snap. “Recently I’ve discovered the fun you can have with sex toys,” she continues. “I never thought I would be able to get off with a dildo or vibrator. Wow, was I wrong! That’s not to say they’ll ever replace a real man in my bed. Nothing beats a good hard cock and the feel of a man bending me over and pounding me hard.”

But Ms. Moore has more to share: “I also enjoy being with a woman. As a matter of fact, if you get a couple of drinks in me, there’s no telling what I might do. I love oral, both getting and giving, and with a woman it’s all about that. If a girl’s pussy tastes sweet, I can lick it for hours. That is, if she’s willing to tongue me too.”

Thrilled to have a feature encore, Tatiana declares, "Being in HUSTLER has opened up my world to a ton of opportunities. I'm not sure what is next."

TATIANA'S VITAL FACTS HOMETOWN: Tollhouse, California | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 120

Sex and the Single Robot

David Levy first gained renown in 1968 when he laid down a challenge that no computer program could beat him at the game of chess. The challenge, in effect for ten years, was accepted by four A.I. innovators. Levy, an International Master, defeated all of them. However, in 1989 a highly sophisticated computer program finally checkmated him to gain its authors a $5,000 prize awarded by *Omni* magazine.

Also an expert on artificial intelligence, Levy wrote the book *Robots Unlimited—Life in a Virtual Age*, which details a near-future where robots will become sexual partners to humans. From his home in London he explained his vision of the future.

British correspondent John Stoker grills artificial intelligence expert David Levy on the nuts and bolts of shagging an android.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY SCOTT/FACTORY1019ART.COM

HUSTLER: Do you foresee robots as the ultimate sex aid?

DAVID LEVY: Yes, because they will provide every kind of sexual experience one wants. We're quite close to what I would describe as a primitive form of sex robot. Let's think about the kind of up-market sex doll manufactured by some companies in the States and in Japan. These are dolls made of silicone and other material, sort of human [in] size and appearances and costing from $5,000 to $10,000. A leading American importer sells about 400 a year. So there is clearly a demand for dolls as sex surrogates, even though at this point they have no electronics or moving parts.

Imagine adding technologies that are already available: A sex doll with a vibrating penis or vagina for example. The doll could talk in a lifelike voice and say whatever it was preprogrammed to say, using electronics and software. Sensors could augment the sex doll into something responsive and interactive—the first primitive rung on the ladder toward a full-fledged sex robot. And these are things that can be done immediately because we have the technology. It's only a question of some entrepreneurs in the adult-entertainment industry deciding they can make a pile of money out of this.

So we're talking about androids that look exactly like human beings?

Yes. Research in Japan found that people prefer interaction with more humanlike robots. In my book you'll see a picture of a female robot based on a newscaster on Japanese TV. The professor who designed her obviously fancied the newscaster, and in the photo it's indistinguishable from a human. This professor has said this robot could fool somebody five or ten meters away into thinking it was human. As technology gets better, these few seconds at a distance will gradually grow into minutes and hours in close contact.

I don't like drawing analogies between my work and science fiction—I researched about 450 publications, and none were science fiction—but the original *Stepford Wives* film paints the kind of picture I'm talking about.

***The Stepford Wives* featured beautiful robots, opening the possibility of a future without the problems of rejection or emotional distance—a willing and experienced partner filling sexual and perhaps even emotional needs. Then why would someone prefer anything else?**

If you can fall in love and have sex with someone, the obvious question is why not consider it, even if that someone is a robot? My feeling is that only a small proportion of human beings will forsake all human-human relationships completely in favor of human-robot relationships. I think our instincts are clearly that a good human-human relationship has a huge amount to offer us. In many ways we are genetically engineered to prefer humans to any other species, including robots.

I see robots as a viable alternative for those who need one, and for those who are curious and for all sorts of other occasions, but not for the majority of the population as an alternative. Real sex, real emotion and real, live partners are pretty good in my opinion. I think the majority of people will still want to experience the original, irrespective of what they're doing with robots.

You theorize that the A.I. sex revolution is basically right around the corner.

I believe that these first primitive sex robots will be on the market within five years, and more sophisticated robots within 20 years. It's going to take 40 years or thereabouts before the emotional, psychological and consciousness aspects of robotics make them satisfactory as partners for humans.

There are fundamental problems in artificial intelligence, like conversation. We have programs that recognize what you say, but they're only 80% or 85% reliable, which means that in every sentence they get one or two words wrong. It's a serious problem.

The other difficulty is the meaning of words. If I went into a room with a [Chinese man] who didn't speak a word of English, he might hear every word I said completely correctly and not understand a single word. We certainly wouldn't be able to communicate. Clearly, conversation is an important part of any human relationship. So I think we have to look at a time frame of about 40 years before human-computer conversation develops to a sophisticated level.

In the future will we be able to rent a sex robot?

Absolutely. Some Japanese entrepreneurs started a very nice business renting out sex dolls. This has now spread to South Korea, where there are whole hotels where one rents a room by the hour and gets a sex doll. When functional robots are first on the market, they will be hired out far more than they will be bought because the purchase price will be quite high.

What will be the effects on the economics of prostitution?

I see the profession being decimated, certainly in the First World and intermediate countries. One could envisage a situation where the robots are plentiful and inexpensive in Europe, Asia and much of the Americas.

But what will happen in Africa or depressed areas such as Bosnia, for example? Most people there might still not be able to afford the services of a robot, even when robots become less expensive. A hundred dollars in Africa buys enough food to live for a year, so robots would still be

financially out of bounds. Prostitution will continue to thrive.

Even if a robot were programmed for a human sexual encounter, could that be satisfying to a human aware that emotions have been removed from the encounter?

I believe it can. In most countries there's a percentage of people who either have paid for sex or continue to do so on a regular basis. This varies from maybe 10% to 20%. So there are already millions in the world who pay for sex regularly, knowing that the partner has no interest in their feelings, only in the color of their money. This shows that sex with robots will be popular, and I draw parallels between the two.

But you're suggesting that robots could also respond to feelings and emotions?

There have been results demonstrated involving programming artificial emotions, as well as the detection of human emotions. A group at MIT says that electronic sensors can measure physiological happenings in our bodies: blushing or your heart beating faster, the kinds of changes that occur under different emotional conditions. MIT developed a program that identifies about eight different moods, and it shows a 75% to 80% accuracy. In today's hospitals, cumbersome monitoring equipment already does this—since there's no need for them to be small. In the future there will be much smaller devices used by robots to see what mood we're in and respond accordingly.

Many people have difficulty in establishing relationships or simply feel they're unnecessary. Will robotic sex open up an avenue of opportunity for them?

Clearly someone who finds relationships difficult, impossible or even undesirable—because they are focused elsewhere, or are shy, or have psychosexual hangups, emotional problems or physical deformities or whatever—can have a happier existence. They've now got somebody they can love, somebody who is programmed to love in return.

Nowadays, people in unsatisfactory relationships might worry that they won't find anyone else if their partner leaves them—or if they leave their partner. As robot-sex technology spreads, people will know that even if no one else turns up, they can always find a *(continued on page 64)*

CIRCUIT BR

JAPAN & KOREA LEA

A.I. expert David Levy's outlandish predictions may be fairly timid: We are already bonding with our electronic devices. A recent survey found that 64% of Americans spend more time with their computers than their breathing partners. And we already interact with functional robots, at least in simple form.

In 2007, Moaning Lisa—part sex doll and part interactive game—was unveiled at the Arse Elektronika Conference in San Francisco. You can make Lisa moan by stimulating her seven strategically placed touch sensors, while potentiometers in the nipples give her breasts that extra tingle. If you look into her eyes, you'll be staring at two additional sensors. But she's a woman of mystery, and your task is to discover just where those seven aforementioned hot spots are. Moaning Lisa is practical as well, possessing one asset that her human counterparts fail to provide: a USB port.

Meanwhile, Professor Hiroshi Ishiguro of Japan's Osaka University masterminded Repliee Q1 Expo. Encased in silicone skin, this lifelike robot contains 42 compressed, air-controlled actuators under computer command, enabling this lovely to flutter her eyelids and appear to breathe. According to its creator, Repliee Q1 Expo not only can interact with people, but also is sensitive to their touch. Adding another feather to his cap, Professor Ishiguro also built a disconcerting robotic replica of himself, which frequently sits in for him when he cannot physically be present at his academic lectures.

Elsewhere in high-tech Japan, Osaka's sex clubs had been faced with a nagging problem: A 2005 law prohibits human involvement in touting such establishments. Club owners discovered nothing in the law forbade a humanoid robot from luring passersby inside. The answer was an expensive upgrade to a traffic-directing robot. Once patrons step into a club, the sex performers are all flesh and blood—at least for the time being.

Japan's pert Repliee Q1 Expo meets the public. No, the human is holding a mini-robot.

Mitsubishi entered the A.I. market with Wakamaru, a surrogate receptionist. Weighing in at 66 pounds, the 3-foot-3 robot looks nothing like the pouting cutie you'd hope to see greeting you. But Wakamaru can converse thanks to a programmed vocabulary of around 10,000 words.

Perhaps this vocal ability could be added to some of the creations of Hajime Sorayama, who has been painting highly erotic robots since the late 1970s. Besides producing everything from books to posters, Sorayama

DAOS

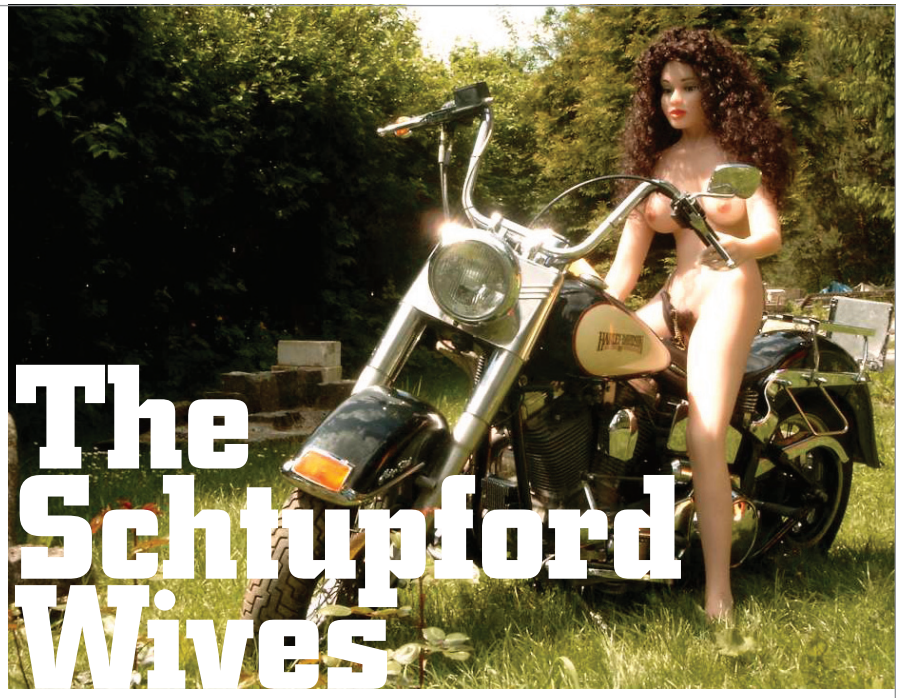
D THE WAY

Actroid DER 2 from South Korea.

The next Miss South Korea?

teamed up with Sony to develop a robotic dog named AIBO, a first attempt to create an intelligent robotic creature for the home. Considering Sorayama's erotic knack, a sex robot doesn't sound too far behind.

—John Stoker



The Schtupford Wives

A QUIRKY GERMAN MANUFACTURES HIS OWN MECHANICAL MATES.

What does the present market offer in the way of artificial bed partners? Way back in 1927, Germany gave the world *Metropolis*, a classic sci-fi film featuring an alluring robotrix. Now it's home to a pioneering company called First Androids, whose mysterious, anonymous founder and mastermind—known simply as the Creator—has concocted a variety of lifelike sex dolls for the masses.

Loly, Andy and Leona are just three of First Androids' most popular dolls and can be personally customized to various specifications. For instance, Loly's breasts are available in any cup size from AA to DD. Her basic cost is about $5,960; accoutrements such as real hair and silicon teeth cost extra.

With three entrances, each of the android lovers accommodates oral, vaginal and anal sex. A vaginal sensor even triggers lubrication, but the Creator has even more tricks up his sleeve. Thanks to state-of-the-art technology, some of his androids can be upgraded to provide movement during sexual activities.

Each android is fitted with a hymen (sorry, one use only, just like a real-life virgin), but extras include an "infinitely variable" blowjob system ($1,250), remote-controlled eyes ($1,650 per orb) and a functional G-spot that causes the android to "moan, groan and sigh" ($3,900). As you can see, the extras add up faster than at a Lexus dealer.

No matter what your kink, First Androids is up to the task. For an extra $250, there's

LOLY

"pressure-released urination." (Hey, substitute apple juice, guzzle it in front of your friends and watch the reaction!) Another attribute is "artificial milk glands" for $980 per teat (no explanation necessary), but the ominous "installation of stronger engines for the jaw (torture)" is still classified as "in preparation."

These babes are also highly durable. The Creator perversely sent the cute brunette Andy up in a paraglider, which promptly plunged to earth, leaving her with only minor injuries and no trauma whatsoever. So durability shouldn't deter you if you want

Andy the android prepares for bed.

A customized version of LogotG8 with tats, tits and retro bush.

to add a tattoo or some wild piercings. Andy can even be made to sigh. (As well she might, after plummeting half a mile.)

If your finances won't stretch to the upper end of the market, there is a more economical way to satisfy your lustful cravings. Why not go for the body part that most interests you? For a mere $4,095, First Androids now offers female torsos that can be specially lubricated to provide a more satisfying experience—or so the manufacturer claims. Okay, it may not be the complete woman your heart desires, but she's a lot easier to store, doesn't bitch about her period and fits under your arm to haul around on those lonely nights away from home.

And pay no attention to the expressions on the faces of the night clerk and the bellboy. They're just jealous seeing you in the company of the Perfect Woman. For more info, head to **First-Androids.org**. —*J.S.*

PHOTOS COURTESY FIRST ANDROIDS

Ménage à trois robot-style: Andy and Leona take the male-bot Nax to the max.

SCREEN NAME:

Sienna Sinclaire

AGE: 29

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 6,900

LOCATION: Malibu, California

URL: MySpace.com/SiennaSinclaire

While most of our e-girls content themselves with a single page on MySpace, this dazzling networker needs a quartet to handle her varied facets and assets. There's Pinup Sienna, Burlesque Sienna, Glamour Sienna and Fetish Sienna, all with blogs, spicy photos and teasers for her uncensored Web site, **SiennaSinclaire.com**.

For glamour work, Sienna's dark eyes and slightly parted lips exude a humid, panting sexuality. Then, with a quick change of clothes (for her to step out of most sensually), she'll transform herself into a gangster's moll, a playful seductress or whatever suits her fancy. Sienna is defiant and stern as Mistress Sinclaire, playful and submissive as a sultry, Vargas-inspired pinup.

The cyberdoll's private life has been equally far-reaching. A native of South Carolina, Sienna earned a degree in international business from the College of Charleston, then lived in London and Washington, D.C., before settling in Malibu—where her Dixie drawl has picked up a little surfer girl lilt.

Other than hitting the beach and a recent getaway to India, it's been mostly modeling, modeling, modeling for the charismatic chameleon.

THE GIRLS OF MYSP

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

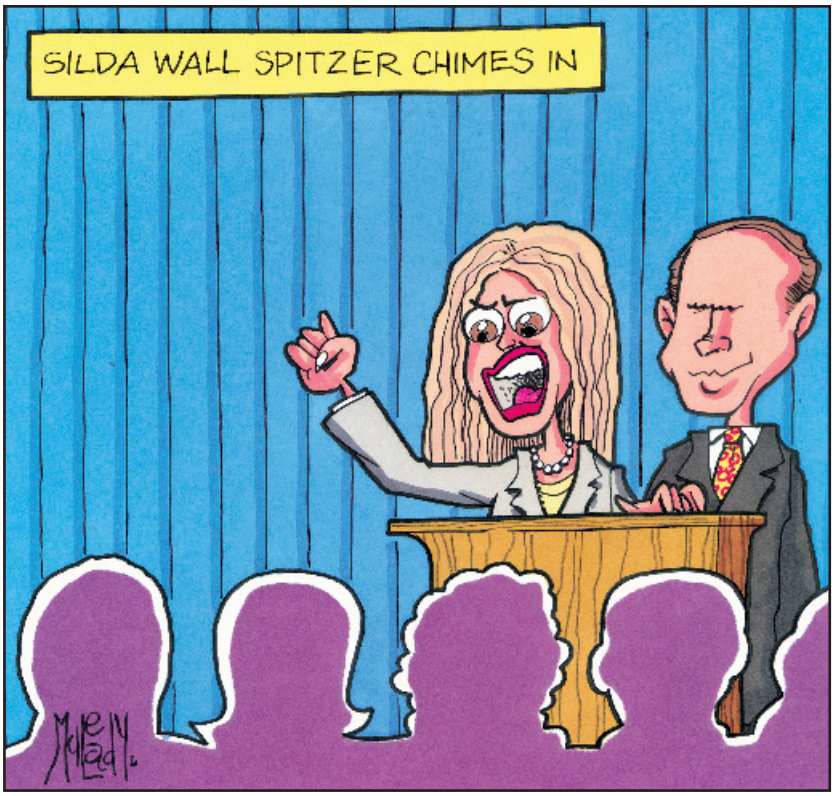
HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY DAVID GOMEZ

ACE: SIENNA SINCLAIRE

"I don't want to be a hunter or a gatherer. I want to design fabulous clothes!"



"Sure, my worthless, unfaithful husband cheated on me with another woman, but that's better than leaving me for another man, like that Governor McGreevey faggot in New Jersey did to his poor wife!"

(continued from page 58) robot. This is an alternative we don't have at present. That can only benefit society. But I don't think human sexual relationships will disappear.

Many men fear that sex aids may be more satisfying to their partners. Wouldn't a sexually capable robot be an even greater threat than a vibrator?

This fear is well-founded. A man might develop an anxiety complex if his woman has had the most fantastic orgasms possible courtesy of a robot. But look at the good side of this: Virtuoso robot lovers will have the knowledge of every sex manual ever written. They will be able to teach humans to become better lovers. In the privacy of his own home, a man could take advantage of the skills of robots to improve his own technique and performance.

You write that by 2050 it will be possible to marry a robot in Massachusetts.

If the relationship is good from emotional and sexual points of view, I think robot marriage is an option. The reason I say Massachusetts is because of the high-tech research there at places like MIT, and it's such a liberal-thinking state relative to other parts of the USA and one of the leading states in gay and lesbian relationships. That combination of liberal thinking and high-tech research will inevitably lead to human-robot marriages being legalized there. I think 2050 will be about when it will happen.

But might not a sex robot be viewed as a mechanical version of a sex slave?

Some will regard them as sex slaves because that is one human way of thinking. Other people may regard them as creatures that have sex because they want to have sex, because they've been *programmed* to want to have sex. It will depend on the attitude of the users. We should treat conscious robots the way we treat other human beings: in an ethical way that will send the message "This is how we believe that people should be treated." If we start treating robots like disposable cell phones, that will send the wrong message to other members of society, particularly children. I hope that that doesn't happen.

Is there any possibility that a human and a robot could reproduce?

Yes, but not in the sense that we know it. What I see happening is this: You have a robot that likes your appearance, your personality, the sound of your voice, the color of your eyes. That robot could design and build another robot incorporating your characteristics. In that way, you have a kind of reproduction in which human and robot "genes" (if you like to use the word) will be in the offspring robot.

John Stoker has worked for the BBC, Anglia Television and a Welsh TV station as a writer-producer. He is also the author of *The Illustrated Frankenstein* and a founding member of First City Video.

AH, C'MON, GIRL, JUST LET ME PUT THE HEAD IN!
HELL NO! THE HEAD IS THE PART THAT MAKES THE LITTLE BABIES!
WINNERS

A Perfect Pair
RENEE PEREZ & JANA JORDAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

When two of the hottest chicks in porn get together, you know sparks are gonna fly. That's exactly what happens when saucy **Renee Perez** meets up with fair-haired beauty **Jana Jordan**. We could have messed up this spread by adding a bunch of clever double entendres in clunky blocks of text, but we thought better of it. Why ruin this picture-perfect layout? Damn, **Renee** and **Jana** are hot!

Catch **Renee Perez** going all the way in *Barely Legal #73*, *Barely Legal Princess Diaries #2* and *Barely Legal Double Down* and **Jana Jordan** at her juiciest in *Barely Legal #69* and *Girls Banging Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

HOT 'N' SPICY

The gaudy pulp mags of yore delivered the goods: brisk action, slam-bam violence and gobs of sex!

You think the "good old days" were sedate and prissy? Guess again. Sex and violence have always been a dynamite combo, and never more so than in *Spicy Detective Stories*, one of the standouts in the heyday of pulp magazines.

Nicknamed for their cheap, coarse paper, pulp magazines were everywhere from the 1920s through the mid-1950s. Each title focused on a

Spicy
JAN. 25¢
DETECTIVE
STORIES
By
Robert
Leslie
Bellem
The CORPSE in the CABINET

Spicy
DEC. 25¢
DETECTIVE
STORIES
MURDER'S
MESSENGER

Spicy
OCT. 25¢
DETECTIVE
STORIES
DANCE HALL DOOM
by C. C. Spruce

Spicy
OCT.
DETECTIVE
PHANTOM
FANGS
R. L. BELLEM

Spicy
DETECTIVE
STORIES
MAY 25¢
KILLERS' SNATCH

Spicy
DETECTIVE
CORPSE
BAIT by J. S. Perry

Spicy
DETECTIVE
STORIES
JULY 25¢
VENGEANCE
IS MINE
by
E.
Hoffmann
Price

Spicy
DETECTIVE
DEC. ★ 25¢
By
Robert
Leslie
Bellem
HATE'S
HARVEST

particular exploitive genre: crime, supernatural horror, futuristic sci-fi, cowboys or foreign adventure. In the 1930s, Culture Publications produced the *Spicy* line of pulps, including *Spicy Adventure*, *Spicy Mystery* and *Spicy Detective Stories*, which premiered in April 1934.

Although most contributors were just fast-typing hacks working for a penny per word, a few notable scribes got their literary start in the pulps: Tarzan mastermind Edgar Rice Burroughs, fantasist Ray Bradbury, horror master H.P. Lovecraft, Conan creator Robert E. Howard and tough-guy writer Mickey Spillane.

Packed with crime and violence, *Spicy Detective Stories* wasn't great literature, but for 25 cents the lucky reader got a monthly dose of two-fisted heroes, scantily clad virginal damsels in distress and gorilla-size goons, all dodging bullets, torture and mayhem on every page. But prudes and Uncle Sam would eventually spell trouble.

Once President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed Frank Walker as Postmaster General in 1940, the Feds turned on the heat. A conservative Catholic, Walker revoked the second-class mailing privileges of more than 60 publications he deemed offensive, including dozens of pulps and even *Esquire*. Without this discounted postage, publishers saw virtually no profit on subscription sales.

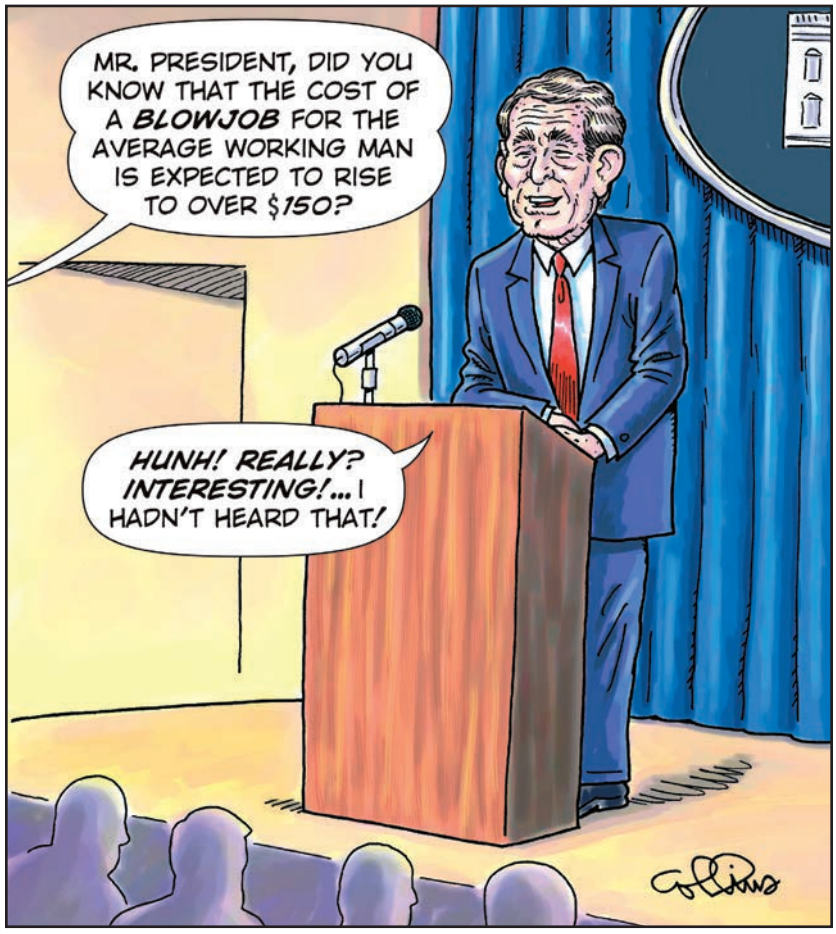
Additionally, during the war years, the military's post exchanges (PXs) were forbidden to carry these "obscene" magazines. This further eroded the ability of a dame-hungry reader to get his mitts on a new monthly dose of sex and adventure.

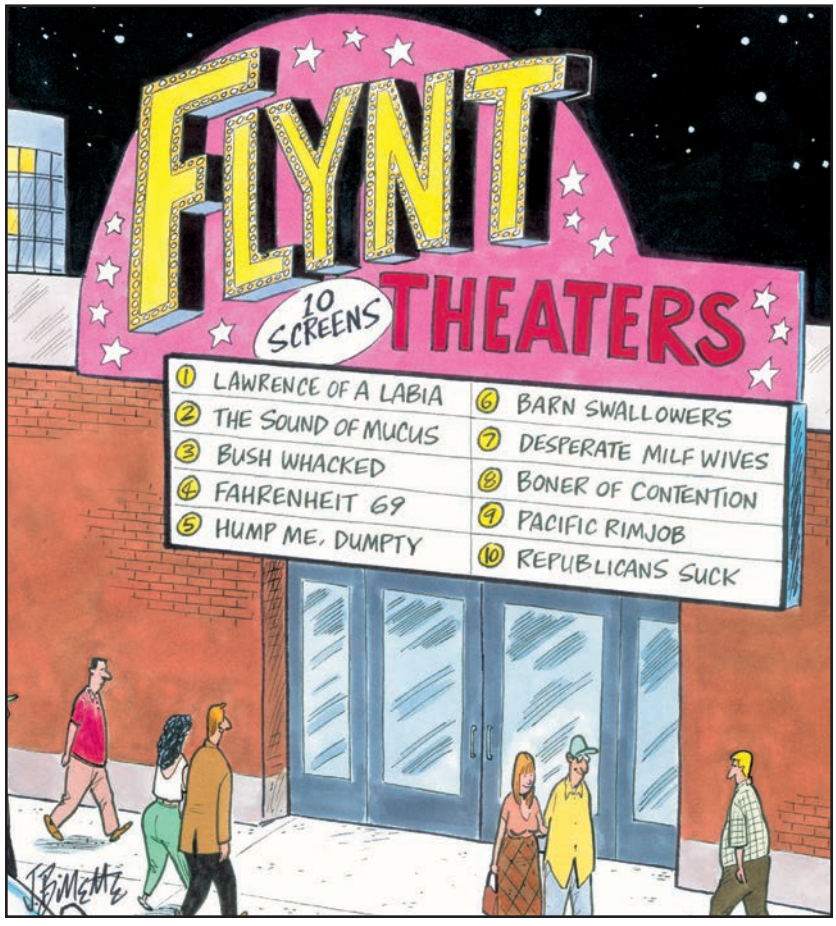
Undaunted, Culture Publications changed the name of *Spicy Detective Stories* to the more-sedate *Speed Detective* in 1943. The front-cover nudity was toned down—slightly—although bondage and peril remained. Regardless of the title, the mag's covers still outsexed the stories themselves, with an abundance of undraped babes, blazing gats and threats of fate worse than death.

The pulps thrived during the '40s alongside the growing comic book market, but the end of the glory days was within sight. Men's magazines like *True* and *Stag* filled the male hunger for action stories; paperback novels provided even more competition for the consumer dollar; television offered entertainment for free.

Speed Detective Stories né *Spicy Detective* bit the dust in 1947, and by the mid-1950s the classic "pulpzine" expired.

The pulps weren't "respectable." Nevertheless, movies and TV drew a great amount of plot material from them, and their lurid covers continue to inspire comic book artists and poster designers even now. Put on your slouch hat and trench coat and cast your peepers over this collection of unforgettable covers.


MR. PRESIDENT, DID YOU KNOW THAT THE COST OF A BLOWJOB FOR THE AVERAGE WORKING MAN IS EXPECTED TO RISE TO OVER $150?
HUNH! REALLY? INTERESTING!... I HADN'T HEARD THAT!



MANCOW AT LA

IGNORE THE PRICE TAG

Near my home in Chicago, Old Orchard is the little cousin of the monster mall Woodfield—both of which are named after what they'd paved over. While shopping at Old Orchard—which is neither old nor has any fruited trees—I saw a sign that made my jaw drop. "IGNORE THE PRICE TAG!" *What? Who could be so stupid?* I wondered sadly, already knowing the answer: most of us.

Your first crack rock is free, just like the first credit cards were. They had to get us hooked. I can even remember an ancient time when getting your money from a bank was free and given to you by a smiling human neighbor-person. That was before the machines came, charging you four bucks to give you 20. Remember that ATMs were free at first? You have to get people into the habit of being so stupid. Like having a family in the oil business, becoming President and slowly raising the price of gas 400%, all the while claiming ignorance and concern while holding hands with the Saudi king who's raping

ARGE

your country. You have to be conditioned.

My friend Barry helped launch Perrier in America. The French believed we were stupid enough to buy bad-tasting water in a fancy package even if the water we get virtually for free from our faucets was better. Barry didn't believe the French were right. Barry was wrong, but he still got rich.

I think of all the people losing their dream homes because of balloon payments. My friend Al plans to live the rest of his life just paying off the interest on the credit card purchases his wife made ten years ago. Prices are going up—salaries aren't.

Depression looms. There was a rent-to-own place nearby that got in trouble for selling $200 couches for thousands of dollars. It's like a car lot that offers low monthly payments that never end. People, you gotta look at the final cost of everything. Then there are the hidden charges and the brand-new impossible bankruptcy laws.

We've all seen those ads featuring people in a shopping frenzy, having a ball until some loser stops the crazed consumerism by paying cash. How dare he?! The grim reality is that our babies' first words are no longer "Mama," but the name of some product; TV, chock full o' ads, is a brainwashing babysitter; public schools grade on the curve to help the most ignorant; and home schooling will soon be outlawed.

THE COWPHONE

Looking at all that, I've come up with a way for somebody to get very, very rich. The iPhone? No, a "genius" already came up with that one. It's a lousy phone, a cheap camera and a too-small computer in one long-term, overpriced package. Wish I had thought of that one. And noooo, it's not just printing a ton of money. They've tried that, and we've just ended up with a fiat currency that's not worth the tracing paper it's printed on.

No, if you want to get rich in America, make a diabetic-coma-inducing, sugar-packed caffeine drink and put the words *energy*, *power* and *extreme* on the aluminum can. Said can should also be brightly colored and have an attached speaker that plays noise—LOUD noise, because we Americans shun the volume control. Of course, the new wonder drink should be endorsed by the scummiest nobody who ever passed for a celebrity, someone with absolutely no talent—just a crude, obnoxious jerk. And you should only be able to buy it with a credit card.

But how much will this awful status-symbol beverage cost, you ask? Ignore the price tag! Future generations will find out how much it will cost. Now you'd better just consume, America…or the terrorists will win.

BARISTA MADNESS

"Look at me," a Starbucks patron proclaims. "I've just been ripped off. I'm cool. Corporate-cool." The veneer of the coffee giant is starting to peel. Sales are down, and I'm okay with that. Look, I'm a capitalist, but in taste tests their coffee just got bested by McDonald's. Also, I refuse to speak that silly Starbucks language. For example, a medium coffee with low-fat milk is a "non-fat grande latte, no whip."

A Starbucks barista is supposed to be an artist of sorts, skilled in crafting a personalized cup-a-joe. To call the snob pushing a computer's button a "barista" is a joke. Kinda like the street cleaners at Disney World are called "cast members." Sure. And the barista wants tips? Forget that snotty-not-that-hotty!

They've jumped the shark with drive-thru's and breakfast sandwiches, while losing their cute boutique charm and oversaturating their markets. Their stock is dropping, and they're opening fewer stores than originally planned.

Coffee shops used to be local hangs for creative types to talk over an endless cup of coffee that cost 50 cents. Corporate America bogarted it, homogenized it and ruined it. Next time you order that frappe latte with a stale $3 banana loaf slice with that heavy taste of factory, look at all the people in the plastic living-room-like illusion of community and wonder why they're there. Don't these people have living rooms? Their blank faces look like my boyhood hamsters trapped in a Habitrail.

Wake up! We are a nation of hardworking speed freaks who need our caffeine, but why not go find a Mom-and-Pop place, save some dough-ray-me and be part of a *real* community?

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller is the controversial talk jock who has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. Mancow describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

BROOKE TAYLOR

Q&A BY MARK JOHNSON

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Come T

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR

The leading lady of HBO's hit reality show *Cathouse* and the prime draw at Nevada's famed Moonlite BunnyRanch talked to us about life as a happily legal hooker and why a date with her should be any man's fantasy.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your first-ever photo-shoot for HUSTLER.

BROOKE TAYLOR: It was above and beyond anything I could have imagined. I was so excited HUSTLER wanted me. It's such an honor. I'd never done a photo-shoot quite like this before, so I was really surprised at how comfortable I was in front of the camera.

I had the best *ho*-tographer: Mark Lit. He was just wonderful. He put me at ease and made me look beautiful. I think the pictures are going to be pretty amazing. I got my fingers crossed and my legs open for it! I can't wait to go to the newsstand, pick up the issue and say, "Look, that's me!" Maybe I'll pass out HUSTLER on Halloween instead of candy!

What would a date with Brooke Taylor be like?

Anything you want it to be. Your imagination is your only limitation. Tell me what you want, and I'll give it to you. It'll be a good time, we'll have a great meal, you can eat it off me or we can eat it off the plate, whatever you like.

It'll be the rock star treatment, hanging out in a limo with Brooke Taylor on your arm. What man wouldn't want that? I'm beautiful, I'm intelligent, and I love to have sex! I know how to treat my men, and any man who dates me will be well taken care of in every sense of the word. Enter the contest, so you can enter me!

What's it like being on TV? Do you act, or is it all real?

Cathouse is real. It's sort of like structured chaos. They throw us all in a room with a bunch of dildos, but what we do with those dildos is up to us. So it really is reality TV—as real as it can get. All the customers I have scenes with, those are my customers. That's really what I do behind closed doors. At first I was nervous being on TV, but now I'm already an old pro. I get to be myself, so hopefully I'm not nervous being me.

Do fans of the show visit the BunnyRanch?

Yes, a lot of fans of the TV show come to see me. Sometimes it's just couples who want to come in and say hi. But I've also had customers with folders full of everything they could find on the Internet about me. I definitely have a lot more fans now than when I first started. It's wonderful to be recognized and to have people love you for who you are. It means I'm doing something right.

Do customers take time to get to know you?

Every guy is different as far as what he wants his experience at the Ranch to be. Some just want to get their rocks off, so they pick the hottest girl they see and go from there. But, yeah, I do have a lot of customers that want to come in and get to know me, see me on a repeated basis. You really build a rapport and a friendship with someone, and they'll come in and say, "So what have you been up to lately?" I'm more than happy to share myself with them. That's what I'm there for.

What's the downside to working at the BunnyRanch?

I get dizzy when I sit up! (*Laughs.*) There really isn't much of a downside. I would say the biggest drawback is people's perception as to what legalized prostitution is and who I am. But through ignorance comes knowledge, and once people find out exactly how everything works and take the time to talk to me and see that I'm a person as well, their perceptions change. That's probably the biggest downside to this business: people's false perceptions.

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rue
DIGITALDESIRE.COM
WIN A DATE WITH BROOKE TAYLOR!
ENTRY FORM ON PAGE 90

It's a lot of fun. Of course, it can be dangerous, you know, if you want it to be.

A lot of people would think it's a dangerous life. Is that true?

Prostitution *can* be very dangerous—the illegal side of it anyway. When you legalize it, you take the criminal aspects out of it. It's a very safe environment to be in. In 22 years of mandatory testing [in Nevada brothels], there has been not a single case of HIV or AIDS. A lot of other professions can't say that, you know.

So in a lot of ways it's safer, healthwise, to work at the Ranch. I'm in a protected environment, I'm not breaking the law and not having to run from it, so it's not really dangerous. It's a lot of fun. Of course, it can be dangerous, you know, if you want it to be.

BROOKE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Moline, Illinois | AGE: 27 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 112

You're a Midwestern girl, right?

Midwest does it best, yes! Born in Iowa, raised in good ol' Illinois, smack dab in the middle of the country, right on the Mississippi. But not on a farm, so I didn't do anything interesting with cows. (*Laughs.*) No cow-tipping as a kid.

What made you leave the Heartland?

I had just graduated college, and I was working as a case manager for adults with developmental disabilities. I became a fan of *Cathouse*, and after about a year of watching it and falling in love with the show, I thought, *You know, I can do that!*

I wasn't necessarily promiscuous, but I loved to have sex and try different things. So I went and checked it out and started off 2006 with a bang. I started right on New Year's Eve and have been there ever since. I keep ho-ing and ho-ing and ho-ing. I'm the Energizer Bunny—except that I give better blowjobs!

Has your work opened a lot of doors?

It's amazing the amount of opportunity that comes from being a hooker. I never thought I'd get to do half the things I've done. I've done a lot of mainstream television, this photo-shoot, the Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp [August '08 HUSTLER]. And now I have the opportunity to record an album—display *all* my oral skills, so to speak.

I actually have a degree in music; it's always been a love of mine. My work has really made it so that at a very young age I can do whatever I want with my life. And if I don't want to work or do anything at all, I can do that too. I can retire young!

Are the acting offers rolling in yet?

I haven't had too many offers as far as acting goes. I did a skit with Comedy Central; that was fun. It's nice to take who I am and put it in whatever context a television show is looking for. I don't have to pretend to be somebody else; I can just be myself and have a great time.

The acting door really hasn't opened because everyone that comes to me is very interested in what I do currently. The acting I do is behind closed doors, in the bedroom. I can pretend to be a secretary or a teacher's pet really well! You can even have the teacher, if you prefer.

Do you follow politics?

I do. I mean, politics, prostitution—they're both just big handjobs, right? So yes, I'm very interested in politics. I discuss politics with my clients and try to sway them from voting for Hillary Clinton.

Why? Are you a Republican?

Oh, no, no! But I'm not for Hillary. I'm for Barack Obama. Orgasms for Obama! We don't need another Clinton. It doesn't need to be Bush, Clinton, Bush, Clinton. This country's not a monarchy. I look towards the future, not the past.

Is there a secret Brooke Taylor that you haven't shown the world?

You know, there's really not a secret me. There are aspects of myself that I don't show everybody, but I certainly don't try to hide them. It's just that some people don't have the opportunity to see everything. Brooke is my real name. Most girls will change their name and have a whole other personality. I'm myself. It got me this far in life; I don't see why I should change it.

Some people will look at me and see just a hooker, but I'm a friend, I'm a daughter, I'm an aunt, a sister, a girlfriend and a lover to some. There are many aspects, and anyone who wants to see them is more than welcome to. I'm an open book—just flip the page!

WIN A DATE WITH *CATHOUSE* STAR BROOKE TAYLOR!

Hey, guys!
Wouldn't you like to spend an evening with me on your arm, enjoy a romantic dinner, some stimulating conversation, then get me drunk and see what comes next? Just fill out the entry form and follow the instructions. If you win, you'll be flown round-trip to the Moonlite BunnyRanch, picked up in a limo, wined and dined, and provided one night's accommodation. I can't wait to meet you and share my innermost secrets!

Brooke Taylor

For your chance to win a date with Brooke Taylor, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy; or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: Win a Date Contest, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail the info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

NAME (PRINT)

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

E-MAIL ADDRESS

Subscriber (check one) ❍ YES ❍ NO

WHO DO YOU THINK IS THE HOTTEST GIRL THIS MONTH?

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

❍ Cartoons ❍ Articles ❍ Video Reviews
❍ Bits & Pieces ❍ Music Section ❍ Celebrity Section
❍ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 21 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by September 2, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by applicable law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. Upon request, the winner shall sign a personal release for such use, and a certification of age eligibility and residence in the continental U.S. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. LFP will contact the winner at his/her address specified in the entry form and provide the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Neither the sponsor (Moonlite BunnyRanch) nor LFP Publishing Group, LLC will be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. In the event that the stated prize cannot be provided, the winner will receive a prize of equivalent value. The drawing is open to anyone over 21 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

Bombed out of their skulls, Tony and Eric were stumbling down the street when they came across a Great Dane sitting on a curb, licking its balls. "Damn, I wish I could do that!" Tony slurred.

"You probably can," shitfaced Eric replied, "but you'd better pet him first!"

Question: What's the difference between Paris Hilton's pussy and a manhole?

Answer: At least they make covers for manholes.

While visiting an old friend he hadn't seen in ages, Bruce noticed a stuffed tiger in the man's den. "Bill, that's quite a tiger," he marveled. "When did you bag that fucker?"

"About three years ago," Bill replied, "when I went hunting with my ex-wife and mother-in-law."

"What's it stuffed with?" Bruce asked.

"My mother-in-law," Bill howled.

Question: What do Kentucky and anal sex have in common?

Answer: You can't have either one without a little K-Y on the end.

A crusty coot went into his neighborhood drugstore and asked the pharmacist for his Viagra pills to be cut into quarters. "I can divide them into fourths," the druggist said, "but each one won't be enough to give you a full erection."

"Shit, son," the geezer grumbled, "I'm 96 years old. I don't want a full erection. I just want my pecker to stick out far enough so I won't piss on my slippers."

Question: How does a redneck mother know when her daughter is having her period?

Answer: Her son's dick tastes funny.

On the witness stand an attractive twentysomething described her horrifying abduction and rape. "I was walking down the sidewalk when the defendant dragged me into an alley, then ripped off my dress and pulled my panties down to my ankles as he bent me over a trash can! I don't remember what happened next."

"Make something up!" the jury foreman shouted.

A young boy walked into the bathroom just as his mother was stepping out of the shower. He pointed to the gash between her legs and asked, "What's that, Mommy?"

Thinking quickly, she told her son that his daddy had hit her there with an ax.

"No foolin'?" the kid squealed. "He hit you right in the cunt?!"

Noticing two mysterious green spots on the insides of her thighs, Sally rushed to a hospital's emergency room. After examining them for a few seconds, the physician on duty asked Sally if her boyfriend was a Gypsy.

"Why, yes, he is," Sally answered.

"Well, that explains it," the doctor muttered. "Go home and tell him that his earrings aren't real gold."

Question: Why can't you get a good blowjob in Mexico anymore?

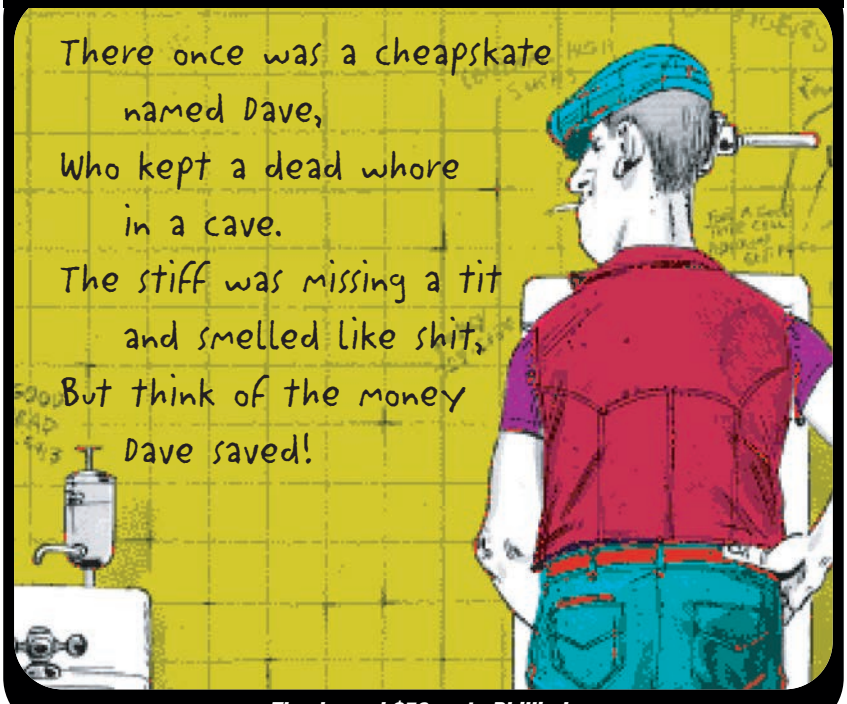
Answer: Because all the cocksuckers are here!

After surfing early one morning, a couple of lawyers were ambling across the beach when they encountered a naked woman with huge tits lying on her back and unconscious.

"Wow!" the first legal beagle exclaimed. "Let's screw her!"

"Out of what?" the other lawyer asked.

GRAFFILTHY

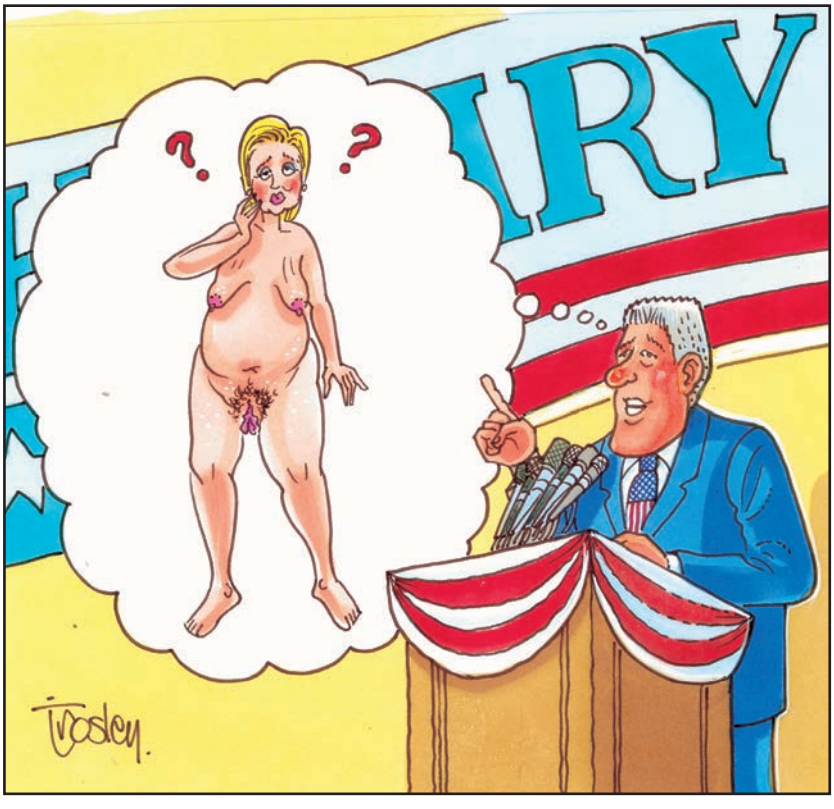

There once was a cheapskate
named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore
in a cave.
The stiff was missing a tit
and smelled like shit,
But think of the money
Dave saved!

Thanks and $50 go to Phillip L.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"I want my balls back, motherfucker!"

"Our first date was magical! She swallowed and took it up her butt! Thank you, eHarmony!"



"Give Hillary a break. See what you remember when you're 60, with your titties sagging, your thighs bulging, and your stretched-out ol' pussy is big enough to drive a fuckin' dump truck into."

(continued from page 46) gotten gigs to appear as the Guyver manga figure at conventions around America. Every time David takes a step at Dragon*Con, he's mobbed by photo hounds. Guyver stops so I can snap a picture of him and the beautiful Rainyia, dressed as a night elf from the *World of Warcraft* game.

We check how Gordon and Kevin are doing after last night's debauchery; the actors are busy signing autographs. I jump in Gordon's line, and he signs my *Andromeda* cast photo: "Sun...You are hot as '!!!!'" (That's how he actually autographed it.) I want Kevin to sign my boob, but he's too busy with fans. We promenade around to find out who else is making the scene.

Around the bend, I am stopped by a vision from my childhood: Erik Estrada, who played TV's motorcycle cop Ponch on *CHiPs* and looks the same as he did when I was a kid. I shudder; he winks at me! I take that as an invitation to approach his table and talk to him. Just then I'm filled with a fuzzy warmness that may be a slight residual effect from the previous evening's tequila.

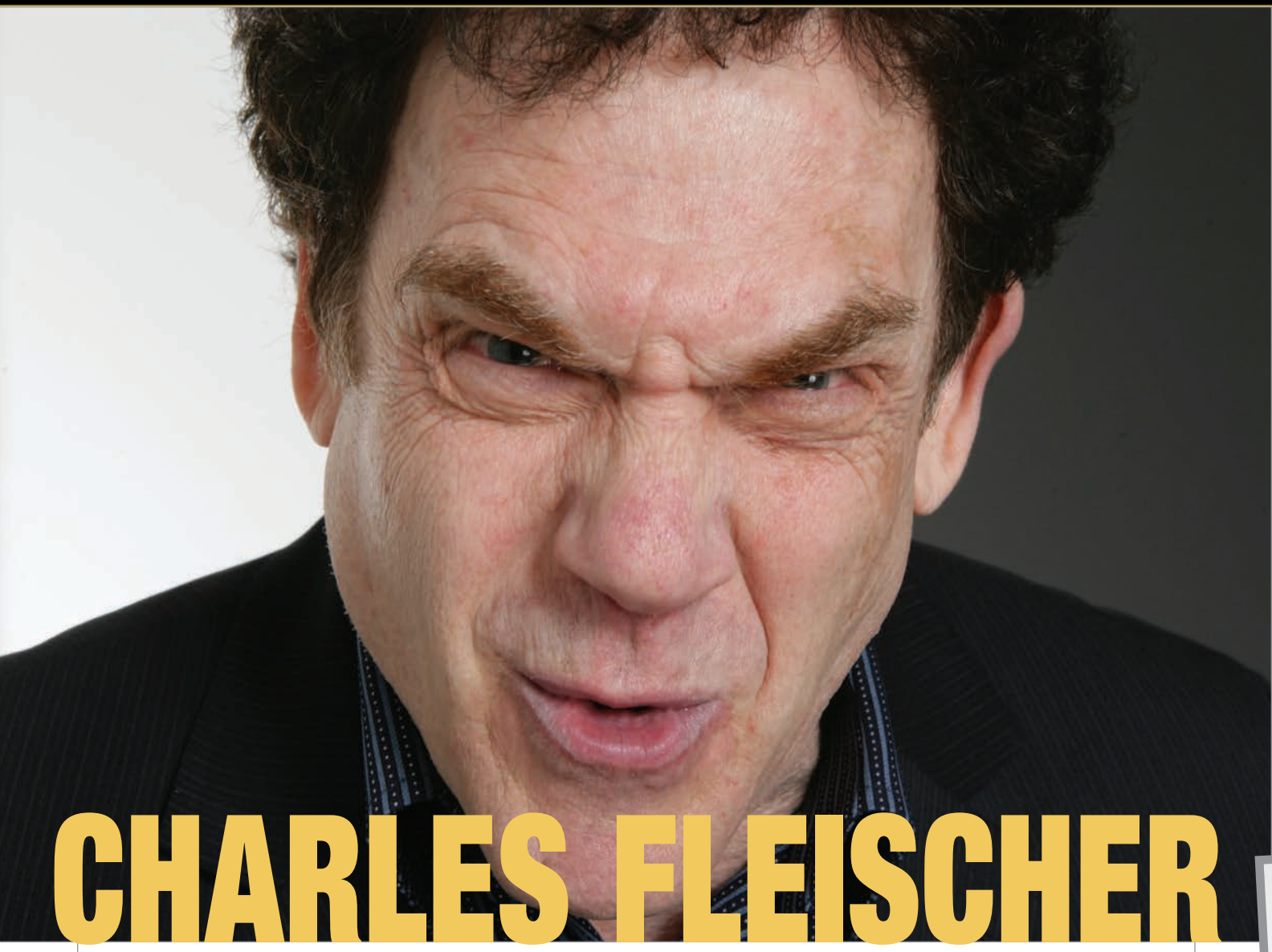
I recall nights masturbating to dreams of Ponch. It feels awesome to finally meet someone whom you fantasized about during childhood, especially when he still looks great. It's like some sort of vindication that dreams *can* come true. Seeing Ponch in the flesh truly does it for me. Deciding you only live once, I take a photograph with my fantasy. I'm glad I do, even though it costs me ten bucks.

We walk outside and gander at the LARPs—participants of "live action role-playing." These people act out their favorite RPGs (role-playing games), such as *Dungeons & Dragons.*

Nearby is the Fans for Christ table—gamers and Dragon*Con accolytes keen on that ultimate fantasy figure, Jesus. (Go figure.) They're dressed quite simply, displaying books and preaching "GOD LOVES THE FREAKS!" I'm instantly offended. What makes this "freakish"? I try to restrain my urge to hurl. Yet I politely ask if I can take their photo. (One day someone's going to rub me the wrong way, and that will unleash a battle akin to Larry Flynt vs. Jerry Falwell.)

At that moment, like a ray of kinky divinity in a sea of frigid Xtianity, I see the Frolicon table: *This* is what I came here for—debauchery! Billing itself as "the naughty side of paradise," Frolicon is the adults-only counterpart of Dragon*Con and is thus more open about fetishes and the like. "Miss Beth" explains: "There is no pressure at *our* Con, and people are encouraged just to be who they are and do what they feel like doing."

Then it dawns on me: Dragon*Con is more than a gaggle of geeks and freaks in a fantasy world—it's life for some. It's indulgence. Now I think I'll indulge myself in more tequila as I plan for Frolicon 2009 in Atlanta come March. Be there or be square!



CHARLES FLEISCHER

A Real Character!

Charles Fleischer has many voices inside his head, and they leak out…often. The freaky funnyman—who's best known for his TV, film and voice-over work (who can forget Roger Rabbit?)—stopped by the HUSTLER offices to baffle and amuse us.

HUSTLER: Ever use the Roger Rabbit voice during sex?

CHARLES FLEISCHER: I've used many voices. The pirate voice is good in the bedroom. Any ethnic voice is good. The Monster! I first did it after seeing some horror movie about a mutant creature that was kept in the basement. I thought it would be every woman's fantasy to sleep with a monster.

Do comedy groupies really exist?

Any profession where you can rise three levels above the average street guy puts you in a position for some kind of groupage. Maybe like being a really cool barber? (*In a feminine voice*) "Oh, Sam won the barber contest. I'm gonna fuck him!"

Do you have any backstage stories?

Well, when one compares my stories against rock stars, it's not that great. No mother-and-daughter hookups here. Sometimes meeting a chick in a supermarket and going off in an alley can be nice.

Tell us about working with Richard Pryor.

He was the best comedian I have ever seen—still to this day. I have never seen anyone achieve the level of emotion and what I think approaches literature onstage. Richard saw me one night, and I was wearing a pair of shoes that I had painted. He asked me to paint a pair of his boots, had me to his house for dinner and gave me a hundred dollars for painting his boots. He was real. He touched me on a deep level soulwise.

Was Pryor the greatest comic of all time?

Best in bringing it all together—the stagecraft and the material. There are a lot of people that are really funny and good writers, but their performances are one-note. Pryor had the ability to be real. Everyone since has been influenced by him. I find myself doing Richard Pryor. (*In a Pryoresque voice*) "Motherfucker was funny too! I'm serious!"

What do you have to say about Rodney Dangerfield?

(*Impersonating Dangerfield*) "Yeah, Rodney!" You go to his house, and I think it's pretty well known now that he would just wear a robe,

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

and his balls would be hanging out. I don't know how *balls* will appear in print. BAWLLZ?! I guess you could do it phonetically, but when you start messing with fonts, it gets a bit too cutesy for HUSTLER.

When you saw Rodney, there was a good chance you would see his nut sac. He was a great guy who really helped other comedians, including Andrew "Dice" Clay and Sam Kinison. Rodney did it because he wasn't threatened.

What was it like working on the '70s sitcom *Welcome Back, Kotter*?

Kotter was my first regular series job, and it was great. Travolta was exploding. It's fun to work on something that is eventful and making an impression on pop culture—unlike other things I've done.

Like *Punky Brewster*?

That was great just to work with Soleil Moon Frye, or was it Moonflame? I think if it were Moonflame, her career would have gone in a different direction. That would have been her porn name.

What is *your* porn name?

So it's your middle name and street name, or name of a pet and the street. So mine would be either "Jesse Woodman" or "Lucky Woodman." Either way, I'm ready to rock. I say get a fluffer in here and let's lube these winkies down!

Would John Travolta take your call today?

I don't know. Let's find out right now. Let's call him! He came to my house when I wasn't exactly rolling in the hay, and he wrote me a check for a thousand dollars. I told him I had no idea when I could repay him, and he said, "Don't worry about it." That alone makes me think he would take my call.

We first met you at a political fundraiser, so are you political, or were you just there for the open bar?

There was an open bar?! (*In Pryor-esque voice*) "They ran out of red wine, motherfucker. All they had was some saggy veggies. I was looking for some shrimp! Seafood on ice: Now *that* is classy!"

Who's funnier, you or George W. Bush?

That's not even a close call. He moves into an arena of disappointment on a grand scale. You must remember that there is always some kind of duality. It is necessary to have people like George Bush take the cart far to one side so the rest of us can say "Hold on! Course correction!"

If you weren't a comedian, what would you be doing?

I would open up a Chinese restaurant called Slick Cock Happy Pussy. (*In exaggerated Chinese voice*) "Hello, Slick Cock Happy Pussy. No, Mr. Fuck not here. You call back later. No, we change our name soon. Hello, Slick Cock Happy Pussy."

Do you always have to be "on"?

I am always "on." It's an extension of me being a kid and having fun. I used to do bits when I was taking a shower just in case aliens were watching Earth so that they might see me and bring me gifts. They haven't visited yet, but ironically enough, my work has led me into something that emanates from the far regions of outer space. It is quite possibly of extraterrestrial origin.

I'm speaking of gamma ray bursts. There are hundreds of theories, but I think these bursts are communications from extraterrestrials that lived long ago. There is no doubt in my mind. The universe is way too big for them not to exist.

If these aliens could speak to us, what would they say?

For one thing they would say, "We were here, and there is some shit that you don't know how to do." I think they would also say (*mimicking a black alien*) "Yo! Pick up HUSTLER Magazine! It got some nice candid photos!" ■

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS
Flight of the Conchords

Finally a full-length CD featuring all the witty and catchy tunes from HBO's brilliant comedy series. With songs about love and lust in abundance—notably "The Most Beautiful Girl in the Room" and "Business Time"—you'll be laughing your ass off in no time.

DOLLY PARTON
Backwoods Barbie

Good golly, Miss Dolly! The queen of country returns with a full-on, down-home affair full of heartbreak and hope. Cuts like "You Better Get to Livin'" and a cover of Smokey Robinson's "The Tracks of My Tears" help make this Dolly's finest album in years.

FILTER
Soldiers of Misfortune

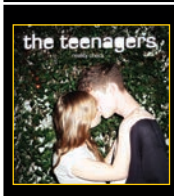
Filter is back! Filter is back! The same band that brought you "Take a Picture" and "Hey Man, Nice Shot" returns. What do you mean you didn't know they were gone? They were. But now they're back, and their latest doesn't disappoint. RAWK!!!

MUDHONEY
The Lucky Ones

The godfathers of grunge churn out yet another solidly sludgey chunk of garage rock. If you aren't aware of the group that inspired a whole movement and everyone from Pearl Jam to Nirvana, you need to check this disc out. Or if you want to get old school, Mudhoney just released a deluxe edition of their flannel-flying opus *Superfuzz: Big Muff.*

NYEE MOSES
Debut

When a beautiful woman stops by our offices looking for press, who are we to say no? Especially when her CD—packed with smooth and jazzy R&B reminiscent of Sade, a cover of "Summertime" *and* a guest appearance by Krayzie Bone—is so damn good. Meet our new favorite singer, Nyee Moses.



THE TEENAGERS
Reality Check

The Teenagers' lead singer works his way through an array of hip hits, including "Starlett Johansson" and "Fuck Nicole." Think Lou Reed without the gravel growl. This French indie pop collective may be cooler than anyone you or we know.

(continued on page 102)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

SEVENDUST
Chapter VII: Hope & Sorrow

An album so good that even guest spots by Chris Daughtry and Alter Bridge's Myles Kennedy can't fuck it up. Driving blasts of sonic rock mixed with massive hooks permeate the band's seventh full-length studio release, which is sure to please old and new fans alike.

KYLIE MINOGUE
X

Another CD packed with danceable synthpop from Australia's answer to Madonna. If you don't dig her lightweight mainstream groove, you can always just look at the photos of the still-hot Minogue. Sadly, the photos are PG and not XXX.

DAVID FAGIN
For Promotional Use Only

Catchy power pop in the vein of Crowded House, Paul Simon and Richard Ashcroft with a modern twist. The solo debut of the former Rosenbergs lead singer is good… hum-along good.

OLD 97'S
Blame It on Gravity

Rhett Miller and company deliver yet another masterful slice of country-tinged roots rock. Tracks like "Dance With Me" and "My Two Feet" celebrate an enduring band that clearly still enjoys playing together.

DAME SHIRLEY BASSEY
Get the Party Started

The big-voiced diva best known for belting out the James Bond themes "Goldfinger," "Diamonds Are Forever" and "Moonraker" returns with an oddball collection of modern hits. Covers include Pink's "Get the Party Started," Lionel Richie's "Hello" and Grace Jones's "Slave to the Rhythm." Damn, that gal can sing!

NEW YORK DOLLS
Live at the Fillmore East

The reunited Dolls captured live and reinvigorated in 2007. This CD showcases the much-needed reunited rock glamsters as they skillfully rip through the best of their repertoire, as well as a heartbreaking tribute to "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory" from late Dolls guitarist Johnny Thunders.

FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

MIKE PETERS "MARCHING ON"

Back in the 1980s, Mike Peters led the Welsh westernwear-clad rockers the Alarm through a series of memorable anthems (including "The Stand" and "Sixty-Eight Guns") and just as memorable hairstyles. In 1991 he suddenly walked away in his worn-out cowboy boots. Ten years later, Peters reclaimed the band's name and assembled a whole new lineup. We caught up with the humble vocalist, who talked about the past, his battle with leukemia and what keeps him rocking in the free world.

HUSTLER: Why did you leave the original group?

MIKE PETERS: The band had moved away from the original idea, and I felt like I didn't belong in my own band anymore. I had become very isolated in the group. In the final two years of the original lineup we had a lot of domestic heartache that had come into the group. My father had died. My sister had a brain hemorrhage she has yet to recover from. Nigel Twist's father committed suicide. Dave Sharp and I separately went to live in America as well. All that just pulled us apart.

I think we were all running away from the fact that we were losing unity in the band. Dave maybe wanted to make solo records. He wanted to sing in the group, take over the lead singing role. I thought, *Well, if you want that, you have to jump yourself and go do it.* Or I'll go. I went away onstage so they could carry on, but they never did. So it became my job to pick the Alarm up again.

In the ten years between your leaving and then reclaiming the name, did you talk to your old bandmates?

Yeah. I actually tried to put the band back together about 1997. I went to them and presented them with a whole tour-and-album scenario that included our original manager and agent, Ian Wilson. He had done so much for the band. The band said okay, but not with Ian. He told me to go on and I reapproached the band. They thought I agreed to it so easily that there must have been a catch. They tried to pick up the record deal and do the tour without me. I thought that if they can't see that the Alarm without Mike Peters isn't the Alarm, okay then. That is why I put together the new lineup.

Have you been in touch with your three former sidekicks recently?

The new lineup played in San Francisco two days ago, and Nigel Twist played drums with us. Weeks back I was on top of Snowdon [the highest mountain in Wales] at a gig playing "Sixty-Eight Guns" with [original bassist] Eddie MacDonald. Six months before that we were at an event called Alarmstock, and I did an acoustic set with Dave Sharp.

Every one of the original band has been onstage with the new lineup. We have lived out this sort of family life circle in our own history. We have broken up. We have all become friends again. We are like a classic family. The one thing we have always had is a deep love for each other. Love can push you apart as

PHOTOS BY KEITH VALCOURT

well as pull you together. Everyone is happy with what the Alarm is because we don't ignore the past; we celebrate it. But I want to take it forward by reinventing the band for the modern era.

The new lineup has a real punk rock pedigree with James Stevenson of Generation X and Gene Loves Jezebel fame and Stiff Little Fingers drummer Steve Grantley.

Also Craig Adams, our bass player, was one of the founding members of Sisters of Mercy and was also in the Mission. We are a pretty hard-core band. This lineup has been in place for ten years. Ironically, almost as long as the original group.

Did having the Alarm linked to U2 help or hinder your career?

Absolutely helped. They were the first band to invite us to America and took us on tour when we were completely unknown. Bono and the Edge were on the radio every night saying, "Don't play U2 records. Listen to this record *The Stand* by the Alarm." We might have never had a career if it weren't for them. They could have had any band in the world open for them, and they chose us. Every band in the world was waving checks at them to let them open the War Tour, and they said, "No, we want the Alarm." They lent us gear and their tour bus because we couldn't afford anything. U2 has only helped us.

Your new CDs deal with your battle with leukemia. How is your health these days?

It's good. I'm in remission, but I'm not cured. I still have a treatment every two months to maintain the equilibrium in the hope that eventually a cure will come along. As long as I stay responsive to the drugs, I have nothing to fear and should see out a normal lifespan.

Your fans still shower you with playing cards during the song "Where Were You Hiding When the Storm Broke." Did you ever think about investing in a playing card company?

That would have been great, wouldn't it? We toyed with the idea of having Alarm playing cards. I'm very grateful that we have never been billed for the cleanup after our shows. (*Laughs.*)

Any truth to the rumor that the hole in the ozone layer can be directly linked to your old hairstyle?

We hammered the Aqua Net in the '80s. No doubt about it. The pink bottles were the best. We are definitely to blame. (*Laughs.*) We were hiding when Al Gore and Live Earth came around. We thought, *Oh, no, they're pointing the finger at us.* (*Laughs.*)

Mike, what inspires you to keep "Marching On"?

I love to play music. That has been a part of my life since day one. I learned early on that if you stop enjoying playing the music, you shouldn't be there. That is one of the other reasons I left the original band. I stopped enjoying it. I got into the band to play my guitar, write songs and enjoy it, not fight over the order of the songs or who was singing them. In the very first interview when someone asked how long the band would stay going, I said, "As long as we're enjoying it." Now I enjoy it more than ever. We just played Mount Everest, "The Highest Concert in the World," and it was brilliant. We want to tell people that you can beat cancer, that you can beat *anything* in this world if you put your mind to it, and if you've got the will. Anything is possible.

DVD Distractions

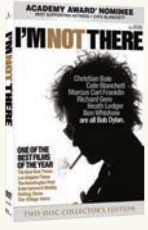
Because You Can't Watch Just Porn.

ROBOT CHICKEN STAR WARS

Cocreated by Seth Green, this hilarious *Star Wars* parody is finally on DVD! For those unfamiliar with the stop-motion madness of Cartoon Network's Adult Swim show, this disc is a perfect introduction. Plus it will make you feel okay about playing with your man dolls…we mean action figures.

UPRIGHT CITIZENS BRIGADE: ASSSSCAT!

We know what you're thinking: "A DVD of improv comedy? Hell no!" Wait, this isn't that watered-down *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* bullshit. *Asssscat!* is a fast-paced, cutting-edge, spontaneous comedy show featuring regular cast members Amy Poehler (*SNL*) and Matt Besser, as well as Horatio Sanz (*SNL*), *Reno 911*'s Thomas Lennon and Paul F. Tompkins.



I'M NOT THERE

Either it is a brilliantly inventive take on the life of the former Robert Zimmerman, or it's a pretentious and confusing mess reminiscent of a college film project gone bad. Either way you have to be a really big Bob Dylan fan to sit through this one.

CONTROL & JOY DIVISION

Two great DVDs about one groundbreaking band, Joy Division. Directed by world-renowned photographer and video director Anton Corbijn, the feature film *Control* is a visual masterpiece about the life and untimely death of singer Ian Curtis. On the other hand, the documentary *Joy Division* tells the same story, tracing the band's evolution via a series of archival footage and interviews with all the key players. If you're going to watch just one, we recommend *Joy Division*.

MIKE BIRBIGLIA: WHAT I SHOULD HAVE SAID WAS NOTHING

Based on his popular blog, this evening of standup features self-deprecating comic on the rise Birbiglia letting loose in New York City. The frantic funnyman delivers his twisted personal observations on everything from Internet porn to the prisoners at Gitmo and dick-whacking.

THE LAST EMPEROR: CRITERION COLLECTION

Everyone needs to own at least one art film. Bernardo Bertolucci's Academy Award-winning film, featuring music by Ryuichi Sakamoto and former Talking Heads frontman David Byrne, has finally been remastered to the highest quality in this four-DVD set. *The Last Emperor* is the perfect thing to impress that artsy girl you've been trying to date.

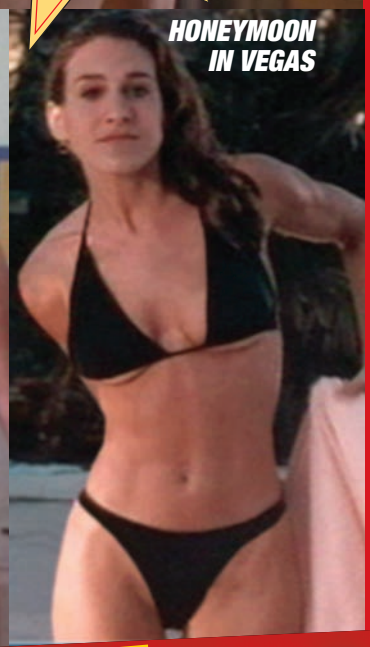
Movie Mammaries

SEX AND THE CITY'S SINFUL STARS

Sure, HBO's hit series *Sex and the City* was a chick show, but it encouraged women to be more open and frank about sex. Plus, there were nude scenes galore. Just in time for the big-screen reunion, we take a prolonged look at the risqué résumés of *Sex and the City*'s sexy stars: Sarah Jessica Parker, Cynthia Nixon, Kristin Davis and Kim Cattrall.

SARAH JESSICA PARKER

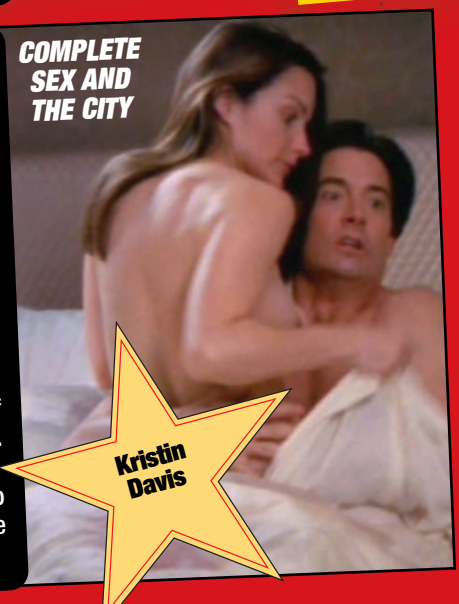
Although getting top billing, **Sarah Jessica Parker** offered up very little sex to speak of and no nudity at all! Sadly, the long-faced thespian has maintained this alarming trend in her film career. Guess she's been saving all that for her nancy boy husband **Matthew Broderick**. (Sorry, Ferris Bueller, we're just jealous.) There have, however, been some relatively noteworthy celluloid moments. *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* (1985) features then-20-year-old Parker sporting tight panties, *L.A. Story* (1991) offers up a ton of cleavage and an almost-nip slip, while *Honeymoon in Vegas* (1992) showcases the blonde's tight bod in a bikini. Sarah finally appears sans top in the film flop *State and Main* (2000). Sadly, all we the ticket-buying public got to see was her bony back and shoulder.



KRISTIN DAVIS

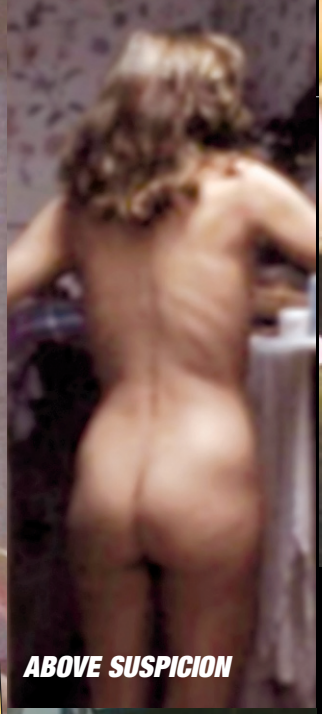
With several seasons of the prime-time soap opera *Melrose Place* under her belt when she joined the *Sex and the City* cast, **Kristin Davis** was already an established star. Maybe that explains why, when it comes to onscreen nudity, the petite brunette is even stingier than Sarah Jessica Parker. Davis's only revealing highlight can be found on the bonus features of the *Complete Sex and the City* DVD box set, which includes a quick peek at her boobs during a love scene with **Kyle MacLachlan**. Beyond that…nothing!

However, we have seen the homemade porn tape that allegedly depicts Davis showing off more-than-average oral-interpretation skills. This piece of skinamatic action leads us to believe that Kristin Davis is just dying to strip down in a film role. That is, if she's actually the fellatrix on the tape.



Rent These NOW!

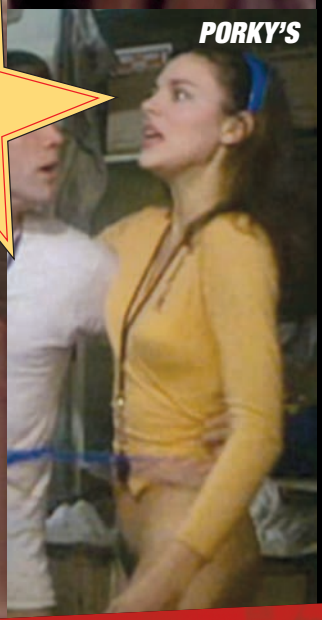
SEX AND THE CITY: "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (PART DEUX)"



ABOVE SUSPICION

SMOKESCREEN

MASQUERADE



PORKY'S

Kim Cattrall

KIM CATTRALL

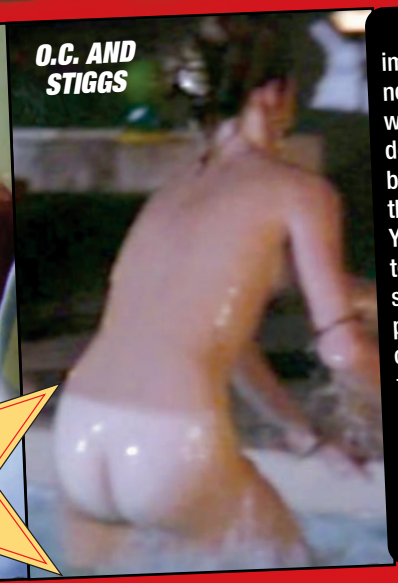
Our favorite of *Sex and the City*'s foxy female foursome has to be **Kim Cattrall**, who not only repeatedly got naked during the life of the series, but also throughout her long cinema career. Back in 1982 the statuesque knockout first showed off her lovely lungs and bountiful bush in the coming-of-age classic *Porky's*. Next, *City Limits* (1985) pushed the limits of her acting talents with a superrealistic love scene. Another must-see is *Masquerade* (1988), which showcased Kim once again baring all, this time for a proper onscreen boning by pretty boy **Rob Lowe**.

Curvy Ms. Cattrall padded her flamboyance portfolio with topless turns in *Smokescreen* (1988) and *Split Second* (1992). Both are well worth the time it will take to drive to your local video store. In *Above Suspicion* (1995) Kim's ass and boobs came out looking suspiciously fine for a woman who was already in her 40s.

Now a fiftysomething, the lady continues to look hot. That is why we are awarding Kim Cattrall our first ever Mainstream MILF Award. The trophy doesn't really exist, but if Kim is willing to drop by the HUSTLER offices—and maybe even drop her top for a second or two—we could throw something together.

CYNTHIA NIXON

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

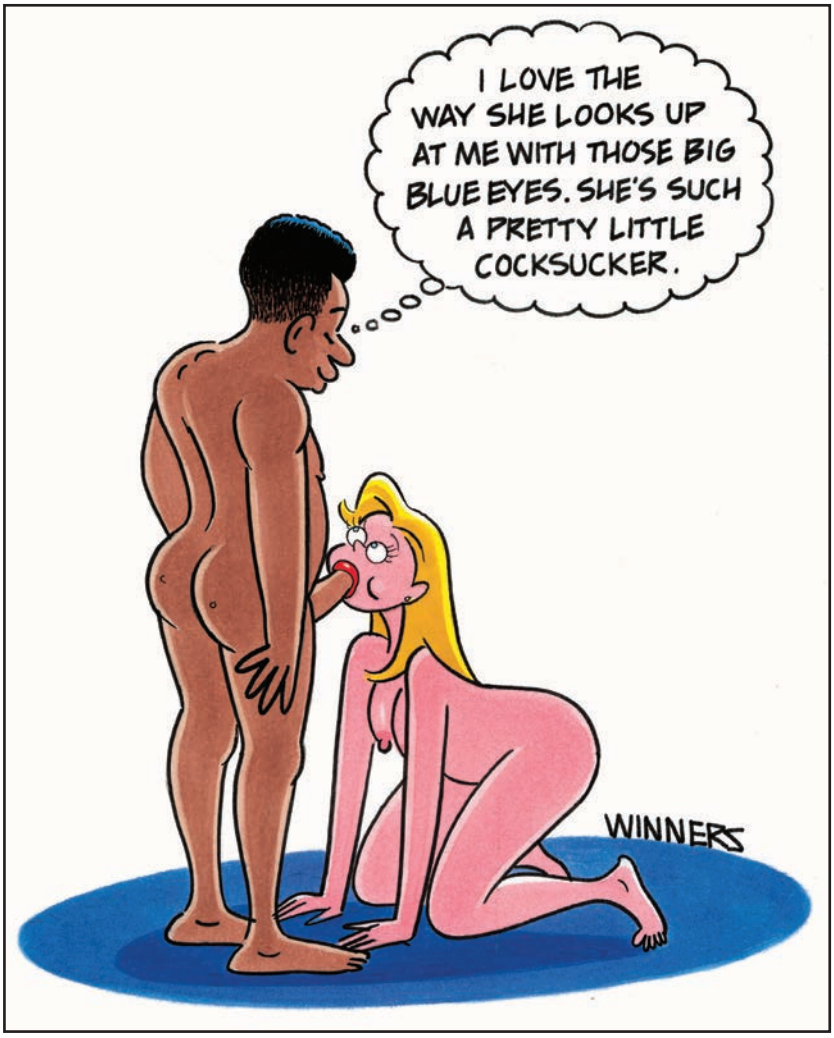


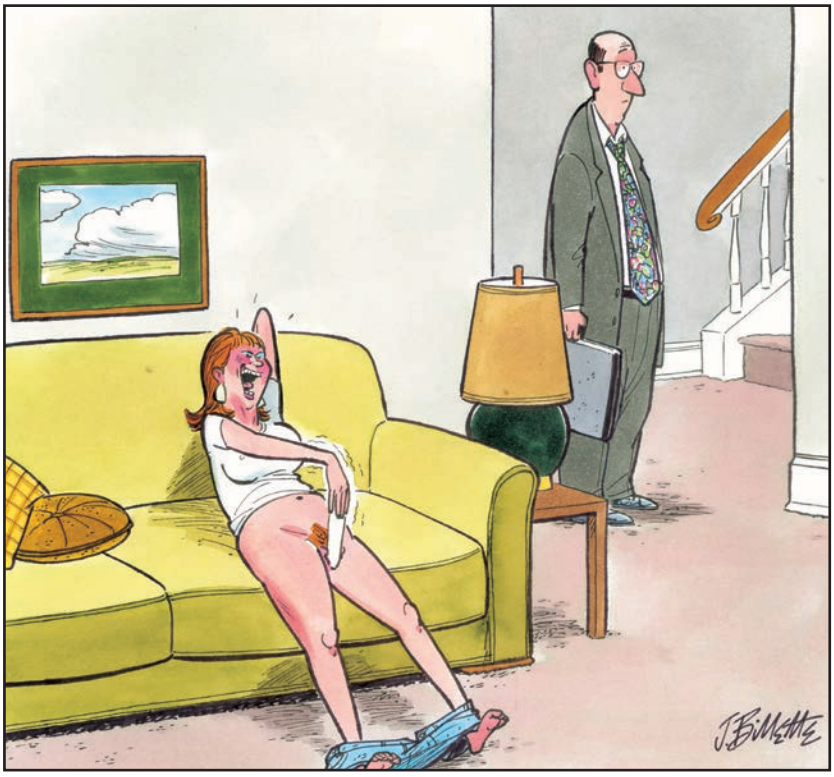
O.C. AND STIGGS

Cynthia Nixon

Last but not least is *Sex and the City*'s immodest **Cynthia Nixon**. The fiery redhead not only offered up a full tit view (so what if it was during a breastfeeding?), but she also got down-and-dirty in one of the hottest interracial bedroom trysts ever seen on the boob tube. In the movies, Nixon has two notable nude scenes. You can savor her bare bottom in the straight-to-video bomb *O.C. and Stiggs* (1985) when the stark-naked vixen exits a pool. As for Cynthia's perky, porcelain pals in front, we recommend ogling them again and again after picking up 1999's *Advice From a Caterpillar.*

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com.***





"Oh, Barack, my black stallion! Yes, yes, that's the spot!"

(continued from page 43) text a friend and have her come over, pretending to be your girlfriend. Let Jerry Springer-esque dramatic dialogue ensue.

3. Have a really terrible TV show on hand (anything on Nick at Nite will do) and ask her if she wants to watch it with you while you fold socks.

4. Take out your balls and start shaving them.

HOW TO KEEP 'EM: I am the first to admit that a heavy workload can put a major damper on a college student's sex life. But accumulated stress can sometimes work wonders when you finally do get down. For instance: It is 3 a.m. I have to finish *Tom Jones* for my 9 a.m. class (which, if you don't know *Tom Jones*, is a 916-page novel about a bastard child, whores and topless catfights).

The dregs of this pill—Concerta, a sub for Adderall—are wearing on me, the last few barrel-bottom hours when my mind wants sleep, but my brain still flickers. My boyfriend wants sex. I freak out. He takes me for a drive in my car to calm me down. We stop somewhere, some abandoned parking lot, to talk. I don't want to talk; I want to throw things.

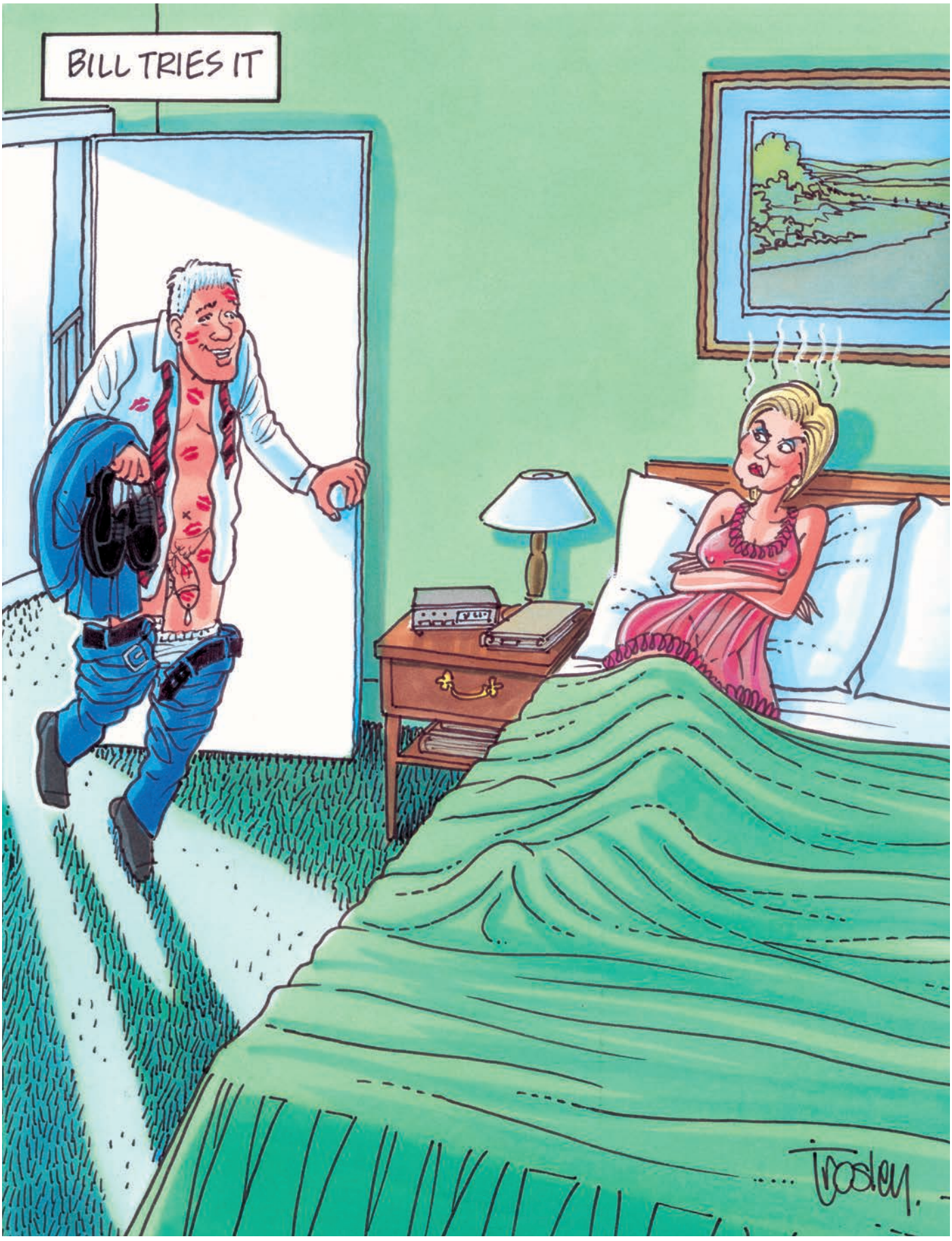
I get out of the car. He tells me I have been exceptionally irritable. I protest, throwing glass bottles and light bulbs—dug up from my disastrous treasure trove of a backseat—against a lamppost. In hindsight, yes, I was exceptionally irritable. But, oh, the sex that night is so good. We get in the backseat, and I tell him to fuck me, to fuck the living shit out of me, to rape me. We pound and pound away, hammer to nail, fist to face, stomach to stomach, groin to groin.

And when I go to visit him at his school, we take time to sneak into a classroom and do it on the teacher's desk. One time I gave my boyfriend a little oral action, and just as he was about to come, he directed his load onto one of the desks. The "watermark" is still there.

Moral of the story: When you're stressed, keep your sex life playful and exciting. It'll untie all those knots in your life. Okay, that's kind of a lie, but at least it'll feel good and will temporarily take your mind off things. But don't let sex get in the way of your schoolwork, boys and girls, and don't let schoolwork get in the way of your sex life. There's always room for both, and you'll find they work quite nicely together.

Now enough sex talk. You've got some fucking…er, packing to do.

Majoring in literature, Ariel Dreyer began her degree quest at upstate New York's conservative Elmira College, then transferred to Bennington College in Vermont. *Boink* is available on college campuses nationwide and online at **BoinkMagazine.com**.



"Oops! Sorry I didn't make it home last night, Hillary.
I was held down by sniper fire."

Good to Be King

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

ALISHA KING

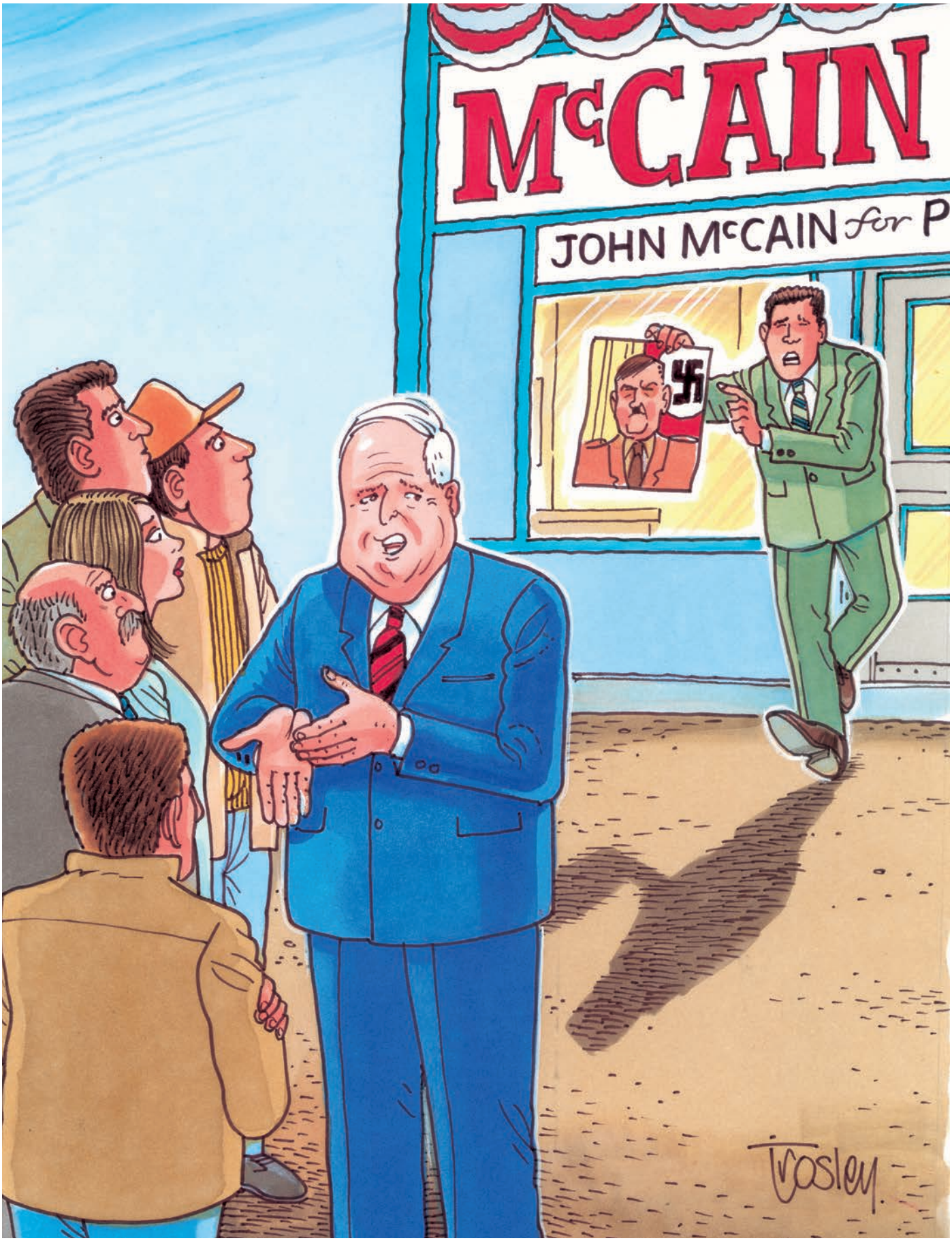
Alisha King loves fun in the sun. “Do you know the T-shirt that says ‘Life Is a Beach’?” the hot-to-trot Floridian coos. “That’s so true. My life is all about the beach. I love doing everything there—swimming, tanning and even sex. Of course, you have to be careful. Sand can really ruin a good time.”

Despite having lots of "good times," **Alisha** is not just another pretty face. "I'm concerned about the environment," she discloses. "Lately I've noticed that the waters have been too polluted to swim in. That's just not right. And there's trash everywhere! People need to stop throwing cigarette butts and other things out of their car windows. All that stuff really adds up. We need to do something, or our planet will soon be covered in garbage."

Earth is in peril, but **Alisha**'s future seems bright. "I plan on modeling a little bit and getting my lifeguard certification," the perky sun worshiper tells us. "If I could do both *and* find a guy to share sunsets with, that would make me very happy."

ALISHA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Fort Lauderdale, Florida | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4



"Senator McCain, the Genealogical Society has finally found a famous leader *you're* related to!"

Nosing Around in Britney's Records

BRETT NOBLE FOLLOWS UP ON WORD THAT CONFIDENTIAL FILES OF AT LEAST TWO CELEBRITY PATIENTS AT **UCLA** HAD BEEN ILLICITLY ACCESSED.

Pop tart in distress: Britney Spears enters an L.A. doctor's office in late 2007.

News of confidentiality breaches usually conjures up images of criminal masterminds using advanced computer-hacking techniques to steal personal information with an ulterior motive. Such was the case in December 2006 when UCLA community members—myself included—received an e-mail announcing that confidential information in a university database had been accessed by "sophisticated hackers."

Yet it doesn't always require technological expertise to become privy to seemingly secure personal data. Often, employees with access to confidential records have no malicious intent; they're simply curious about their contents.

Naturally, celebrities are most likely to attract the attention of a snoop or outright criminal. For example, in March 2008, several UCLA Medical Center employees were fired and scores more disciplined for accessing the medical records of pop singer Britney Spears. Then in April the *Los Angeles Times* reported that another staffer had been dismissed for viewing the confidential file of '70s *Charlie's Angels* icon Farrah Fawcett, who had been undergoing cancer treatment.

"It's not only surprising, it's very frustrating, and it's very disappointing," Jeri Simpson, director of human resources at UCLA's Santa Monica hospital, told the Associated Press following the Spears incident.

The Spears and Fawcett breaches received mass media attention, but UCLA employees can easily find themselves snooping in the files of ordinary people going about their daily lives on campus. Although rarely reported, such privacy invasions should raise major concerns.

I spoke with an undergraduate volunteer who has been working at the UCLA Medical Center for just over a year. "I would never go hunt in the dark and break into somebody's office to find stuff out," the student assured me. "Sometimes if you see a last name that looks familiar, it's tempting to do a bit more digging just to see if it's someone you know."

On the morning Britney Spears was admitted to UCLA Medical Center for psychiatric observation, her medical file was quickly compromised. "Some of the employees started asking what room she was in," recalled the undergrad, who hasn't been disciplined for taking part in the Spears snooping. "We all share the same user names and passwords, and someone just sat down and typed her name into search. We realized it wasn't a good idea, but in the moment, it was just exciting to be able to find out where she was."

U.S. medical employees who deal with confidential records must undergo training in accordance with the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act (HIPAA), which requires "protected healthcare information" to be carefully regulated by the various parties who obtain access to it.

Following the Spears incident, the UCLA Medical Center released a statement saying, "All staff members are required to sign confidentiality agreements as a condition of their employment and complete extensive training on HIPAA-related privacy and security issues."

"It was tempting to look up the records of both friends and high-profile people, like famous people who had applied and popular athletes."

The student I spoke with underwent the mandatory training, yet still said she felt unsure about where to draw the boundaries. "It's definitely not extensive training by any means," she revealed. "You take a quiz online with [hypothetical] scenarios, but it's all very black-and-white, unlike what you'd actually run into. It only took me about five minutes to complete."

At UCLA's Office of Undergraduate Admissions, I spoke to a student who had worked there for approximately eight months during the 2006-2007 school year. Like the medical center, the admissions office deals with thousands of private records. Said the former admissions underling, "We had access to all types of contact information—full name, address, e-mail, phone number, Social Security number—basically all the information listed in their application, including grades. It was tempting to look up the records of both friends and high-profile people, like famous people who had applied and popular athletes. Some of my coworkers and I would look up people out of curiosity, but I never gave anybody's personal information to anybody else."

The ex-employee also said that she had looked up the grade point averages of several classmates and discovered that a friend applying to UCLA had not been admitted—maintaining she didn't tell anyone.

The California Department of Public Health launched an inquiry in response to the aforementioned celebrity cases. Yet, as curiosity seems to be an almost-innate human trait, the onus essentially falls on the employees themselves to practice integrity in the workplace. Whether or not a snoop's intentions are innocent or malicious, the personal information of famous and private citizens alike deserves to be kept confidential.

Brett Noble, a UCLA senior majoring in political science and communication studies, is on the staff of the university's *Daily Bruin* and will soon be a graduate student at the London School of Economics.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com.*

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
H
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 143 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Brittany: University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh

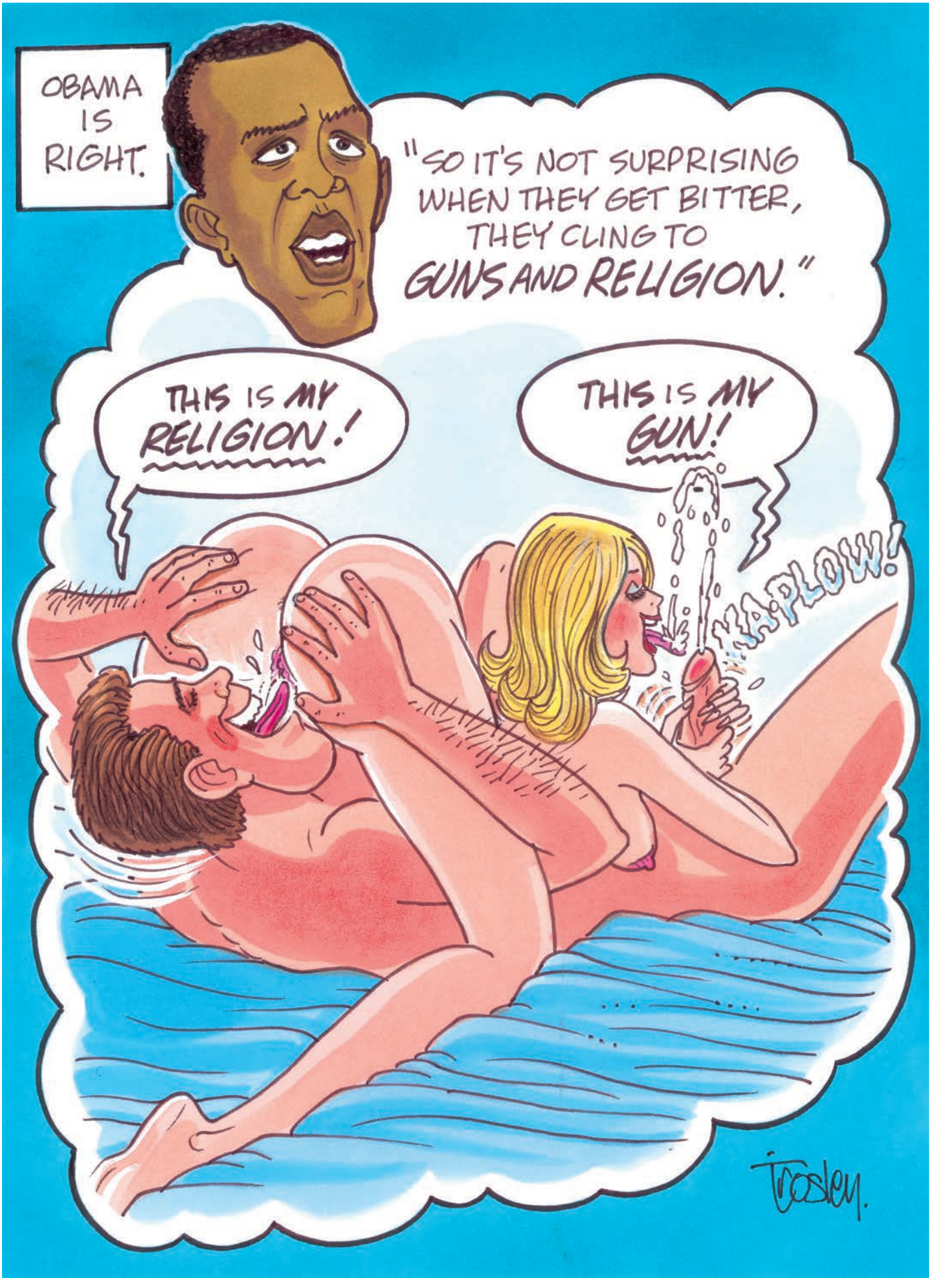
"I like the idea of someone getting off to my pictures in your magazine," confides Brittany, a 21-year-old nursing major out of Wabeno, Wisconsin. And who wouldn't like the idea of this math, science and biology whiz—a junior at **UW-Oshkosh**—giving nude modeling the old college try? Belying her scholarly visage, Brittany is one scrappy chick. "I've fixed flats and changed oil at a box store," the 5-foot-7 Chippewa informs us, "and I love off-road racing, snowboarding, fishing and hunting."

Also keen on "writing down whatever comes to mind," Brittany expounds on her favorite extracurricular activity: "When it comes to sex, my fiancé and I really enjoy taking out the straps and the blindfold and tying me to the bed so he can have his way with me. Once he unties me, I become a freak in the sheets! I will take charge and have *my* way. I'm a sex addict you could say, and we really know how to rock each other's world—indoors and outside! I also like to use toys and have my guy watch me, and we're always coming up with new things and positions. Like I said, I'm kind of a freak in bed. I love sex!"

Sure to be a popular dream-girl, bi-curious Brittany shares her wildest fantasy: "As my fiancé is taking pictures of me in the nude, a young woman walks in and begins gently caressing my breasts, working her way down to my wet pussy. After licking it and getting me off, she sits on my face, and I eat her out. We ravish each other all night long as my husband-to-be watches and pleasures himself."

—Photos by Fiancé

"I look forward to reading an issue of HUSTLER and finding my nude pictures in it! I am excited!"


OBAMA IS RIGHT.
"SO IT'S NOT SURPRISING WHEN THEY GET BITTER, THEY CLING TO GUNS AND RELIGION."
THIS IS MY RELIGION!
THIS IS MY GUN!
KA-PLOW!
Trosley.

Jesse Jane and her ***Cheerleaders*** warm up.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Camryn, Shay and Alexis are team players.

Gimme a J! Gimme an E!...

Cheerleaders

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, SOPHIA SANTI, ADRIANNA LYNN, SHAY JORDAN, STOYA, MEMPHIS MONROE, CAMRYN KISS, ALEXIS TEXAS, PRIYA RAI, SHAWNA LENEE, BRIANNA LOVE, LEXXI TYLER, MANUEL FERRARA, TOMMY GUNN, ERIK EVERHARD, MICK BLUE, JAMES DEEN & JOHNNY SINS.

At the risk of a backlash from Jesse Jane fans, we're giving this flyer (that's cheer lingo) a halfhearted dicks up and a weak rah-rah. Slapping some skirts and pigtails on a pack of seasoned porn chicks and having them go through the standard fuck-by-the-numbers routine isn't really the gridiron fantasy we were hoping for. But this movie is the kind of fast-acting smut that sells itself, so it don't matter squat what we think. Jizz-pump Jesse plays a horny pom-pom shaker trying to outfuck the rest of her bubble-titted squad. The bouncy cast is a lineup of the most-hyped white-bread talent in the biz, even if they're well past barely legal and didn't bother to learn a cheer for this flick. The final score: *Cheerleaders* is a glossy romp full of vapid dialogue and frenetic sex. (Go, Jesse!) It ain't original, but it'll boost your teen spirit. ***—M.J.***

*Cassandra Cruz gives "Eliot Splitz-her" some **Gov Love**.*

Gov Love

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: CASSANDRA CRUZ, KAYLA PAIGE, EMMA HEART, ANGELA STONE, VERONICA JETT, KISSY KAPRI, MARCUS LONDON, MIKE HORNER, DINO BRAVO & VAN DAMAGE.

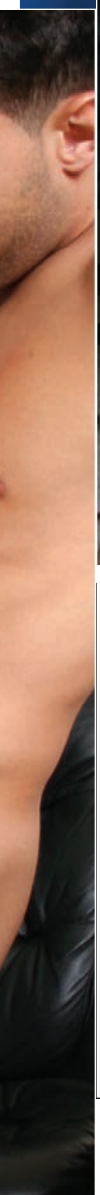
Torn from the headlines! This is "The Eliot Splitz-her Story!" Shot in a topical fever and rushed onto the market before the Spitzer scandal could get old, *Gov Love* is as sleazy, embarrassing and bizarre as the real events. Bearing an uncanny resemblance to the disgraced governor of New York, Mike Horner turns in a greasy, ingratiating performance—capped by a dose of Al Bundy—that lends all the hooker-banging a creepy authenticity. Sultry Cassandra Cruz plays the gold digger the Gov blows his cash—and career—on. Now *that's* more believable than the real story! Watching Eliot bang his femme fatale while horny FBI agents in a neighboring room prepare to pounce is a weirdly voyeuristic experience. This movie will make you feel like a filthy, shameful sellout—just like good porn should. ***—M.J.***

*Kate Frost teaches sex ed in **Big Tits at School**.*

***Big Tits** teach Ava Lauren rewards a pupil.*

*Crime Pays: Kylee and Bree split the take from their **Co-ed Caper**.*

***School**-marms Carmella and Gianna show off their incentives.*



Big Tits at School

BRAZZERS. STARRING: SHYLA STYLEZ, CARMELLA BING, GIANNA MICHAELS, RACHEL ROXXX, AVA LAUREN, KATE FROST, ANTHONY ROSANO, TJ CUMMINGS, TRENT SOLURI & MIKEY BUTDERS.

Brazzers claims to be "the world's best in big tits," and we see no reason to doubt that. This follow-up to its hit *Big Tits at Work* is a fun back-to-school romp full of blouse-busting gazongas and more jiggling than a Jell-O factory. The bombshells slapping the rulers in this classroom are textbook examples of cleavage and curves only too happy to show their flunky students what that F stands for. Carmella Bing gets the juices flowing in a detention scene that would make jailbird teach Debra Lafave jealous. And you won't want to miss Kate Frost shoving her humongous rack against a chalkboard while bad-boy student Mikey shafts her from behind. We're giving the cast an A+ in chemistry and putting them on the honor roll. It's great to see that our school taxes are finally giving the next generation an education they can use. ***—M.J.***

The Naughty Co-ed Caper

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: NICK ORLEANS. STARRING: BREE OLSON, KYLEE REESE, SHY LOVE, MEMPHIS MONROE, TRISTAN, JACK VENICE, RENO, JOHN WEST & DANE CROSS.

This star vehicle for perky tart Bree Olson, who was recently crowned Best New Starlet at the AVN Awards, is a slick little flick about spoiled college brats facing off with the real world. Served with a "pay or quit" notice, Bree decides to heist a poker game. As gal pal Kylee Reese dances around naked as a distraction, Bree makes off with ten grand. Pretty soon, Mafia goons come looking for their dough, and our girl needs a bigger heist. Bree manages to fuck her way out of a bad situation, of course, and ends up copping the dropout mantra: "It's the education that counts, not the degree." The sex is mostly uninspired, and the panting and moaning could hardly be more phony, but at least it all ends with a dick deep in Bree's thieving little tush. ***—M.J.***

HOW TO

BEHIND THE SCENES

*Ashlynn Brooke excels at her major in **Ashlynn Goes to College #3**.*

Ashlynn Goes to College #3

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: ASHLYNN BROOKE, KRISTINA ROSE, MEMPHIS MONROE, ANDIE VALENTINO, TOMMY GUNN, TONY DE SERGIO, JORDAN ASH, STEVE HOLMES & CHARLIE LAINE.

Having hit a gold mine with the *Carmen Goes to College* series some years back, it's no surprise New Sensations revived the vehicle for new contract babe Ashlynn Brooke. What's fun is that it's an actual continuing story, not just the same thing rehashed like most porn lines. Props to scriptwriter Wayne Hentai for that. In the first installment, good girl Ashlynn learns to forget her hayseed boyfriend and becomes a California slut. In *#2* she fucks her way into the ranks of a spoiled-brat sorority. In *#3*, the best of the series so far, plucky Ashlynn braves the realities of putting herself through school. A string of stupid jobs—including the blowing kind—finally lands her in the modeling game, one step away from porn. How ironic is that? The *Ashlynn Goes to College* series is heavy on the cheesy cuteness and light on the raunch, like porn used to be. Most important, Ashlynn Brooke is a dollface with big knockers. That's an instant 4.0 in our book.

—M.J.

Says Ashlynn Brooke: "Support the student body!"

MAKE A LESBIAN

Ashlynn Goes to College director Andre Madness reels off another scorching installment of our classic campus romps.

Paid to play: Madness captures **Lesbian** duo Jessica Valentino and Elena Rivera.

In the den of a hillside mini-mansion in North Hollywood, nubile hotties Jessica Valentino and Elena Rivera are lapping at each other's gorgeous gashes. With the lights in the tight quarters pushing the room temperature into the 90s, the sweaty chicks are sticking to the vinyl sofa. Director Andre Madness keeps his lens close to capture every drip from their cleaving twats.

Madness is shooting the second installment of *Real College Girls: Lesbian Stories 2* for HUSTLER Video. After Jessica and Elena screech out their orgasms, Madness calls a break, and the vixens look around greedily for hydration. "Hey, can I get some water?" Jessica hollers. "We just swapped pussy juice, for fuck's sake!" A grip tosses her a bottle.

It's hot, and Madness has a lot of action to get into the can today, but he remains a cool, confident pro. He knows that a porn crew having a good time performs better.

Down the hall in the pool room, Tori Black and Carmen McCarthy prep for their encounter. It's newbie Carmen's first girl/girl, and she looks a little unsure. "Don't worry," Tori chirps. "Girls always know what to do." The barely legal babe strikes some poses and flashes her sweet little tits. You wouldn't guess she's been doing this for less than a year.

"Sure, I'm only 19," Tori remarks. "But I've been watching porn since I was 14!" Before launching into her scene with Carmen, she leans over to us and whispers, "I'm going to turn this girl into a lesbian." Steamy action ensues. If anybody can make a new lesbian, Tori Black can. —*M.J.*

Action! Tori Black and Carmen McCarthy go girl crazy.

LONG ISLAND LOLITA LAYS IT BARE

Amy Fisher started banging grease monkey Joey Buttafuoco in 1991 when she was just 16, and he was 35. A year later the bad seed was busted for shooting Buttafuoco's wife in the face and was dubbed the "Long Island Lolita" by the local press.

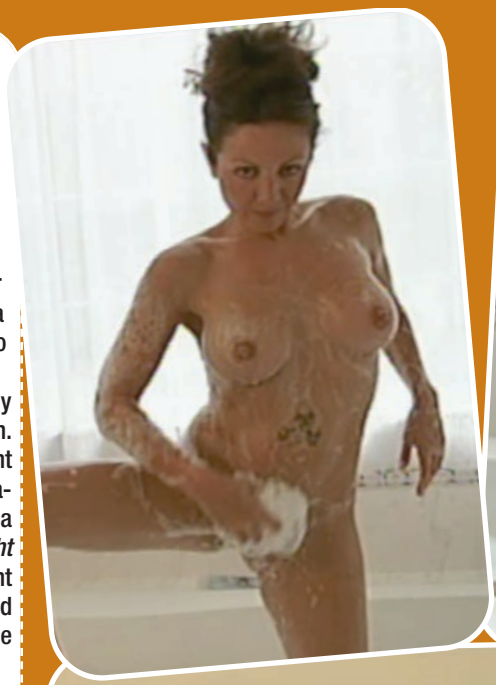
After seven years of hard time, the media darling was paroled and eventually married an old moneybags named Louis Bellera. Fisher dropped a couple of kids, then dumped Bellera in 2007 to start hanging out with Buttafuoco again. Classy.

No idiot, Bellera had shot a sex tape with Amy during their marital bliss and decided to cash in. While her ex was inking a deal with Red Light District—the churn-'em-out distributor most famous for its Paris Hilton sex tape—Fisher filed a lawsuit to stop the release of *Amy Fisher Caught on Tape*. Was it because the "star" didn't want everybody to see her postadolescent body and nasty boobjob scars, or just how lackluster she was in the sack?

At any rate, the MILF—now 34—apparently couldn't resist being back in the spotlight even if it was for sucking cock, so she settled. That means you get to see Fisher moan, whimper and oblige her decrepit sugar daddy with cowgirl dick-riding and dirty talk. (You've probably heard snippets a million times on *Howard Stern*.) Judging by their handiwork, the Belleras must have watched a lot of porn. Their "amateur" flick was clearly shot with an audience in mind as Amy hits all the standard positions like a pro.

The Long Island Lolita may not be the sweet little slut who seduced Buttafuoco in his auto body shop 17 years ago, but she's still a fuckin' dish, as Joey might say.

By the way, there's a companion volume titled *Joey Buttafuoco Caught on Tape*, which features the fat slob banging another one of his girlfriends. We've spared you the pics, but the chick is at least as much a looker as Fisher, so you may want to check it out. We suspect this dual production was probably all part of the hype for a reality show that never materialized. Now it's just another porn-history milestone headed for the bargain bin. *—M.J.*



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Lessons in Lust

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME" BY THE POLICE:

Young teacher, the subject
of Cayton's fantasy.
She wants him so badly,
will drop down to her knees.
Inside her there's wetness;
this girl's an open book.
He'll bang her at close range,
and we'll all get to look.
Oh, man, oh, man, oh,
I wish that guy were me.
Oh, man, oh, man, oh,
I wish that guy were me.

Her friends are so jealous;
she gets to bone her teach.
His cock is inside her;
orgasm she will reach.
Cayton's the top learner;
she *is* the teacher's pet.
Straight A's she'll be getting,
on that you just can bet.

Loose chick in the classroom
to fuck we try and try.
Strong screams from the blackboard;
jism will surely fly.
It's no use—he blows it;
the load is on her face.
That's the cost of education;
we hope she likes the taste.

Oh, man, oh, man, oh,
I wish that guy were me.
Oh, man, oh, man, oh,
I wish that guy were me.

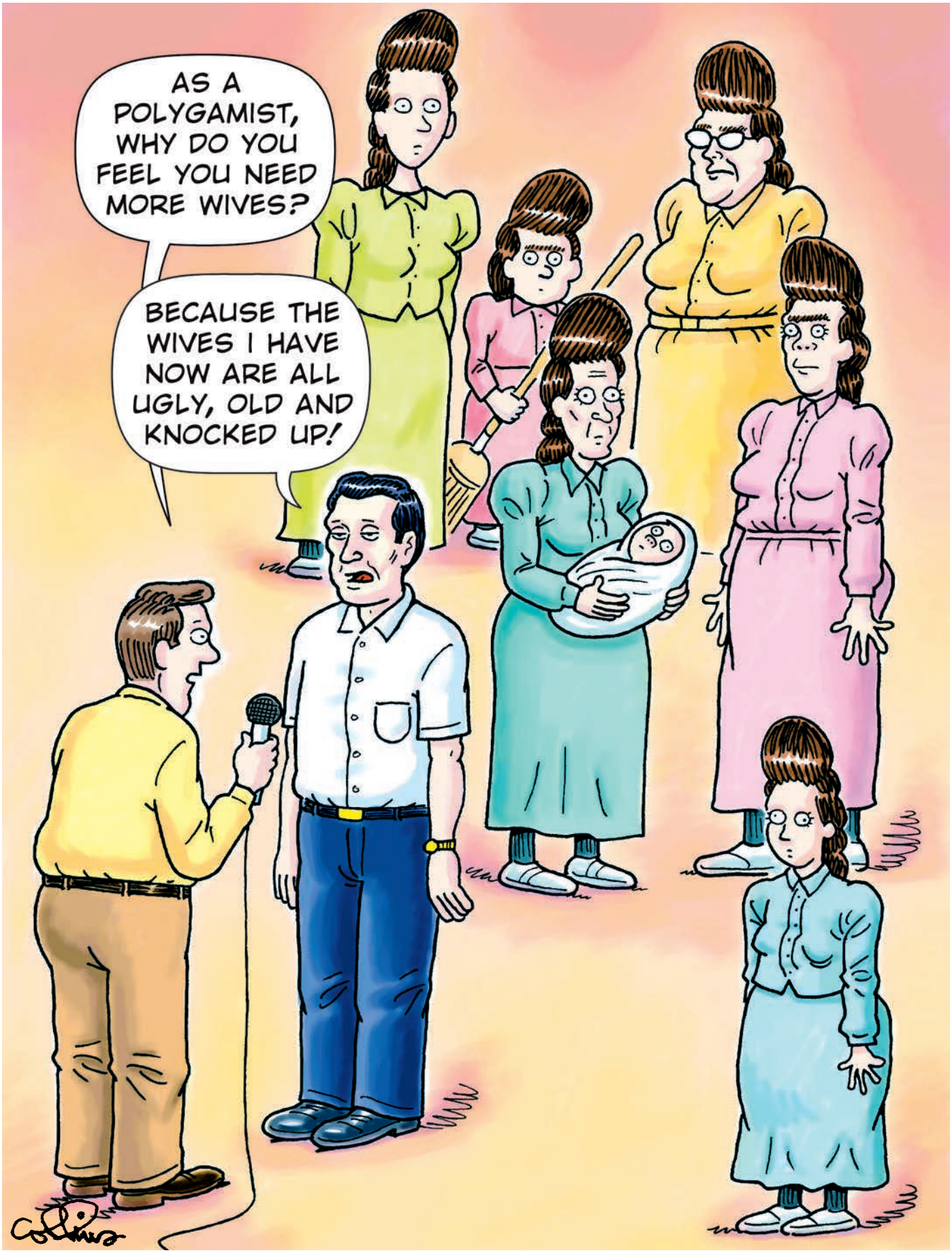
CAYTON CALEY & JUSTIN MAGNUM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

I will not masturbat

I will masturbate...

See **Cayton** in *Barely Legal #68*, *Barely Legal School Girls #3*, *Girls Playing With Girls* and *The Erotic Adventures of Nikki Nine* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.


AS A POLYGAMIST, WHY DO YOU FEEL YOU NEED MORE WIVES?
BECAUSE THE WIVES I HAVE NOW ARE ALL UGLY, OLD AND KNOCKED UP!

"This is more exciting than before. Now I get to prove that a woman who's 40 can stay in shape and be hornier than ever!"

ROBIN

Starting off another appetizing coozefest is this cashier from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Coos Robin, 40, a onetime gymnast, "I'm just about as fit as when I was a Beaver back in 1989." (The year Renae, below, was born!) A willowy 5-foot-7½, the "excited" curtain caller asserts that she's "still straight, very passionate, incredibly flexible and sex-starved." In that regard, Robin bares a pair of ardent desires: "I want to be taken out in the woods and made love to doggy-style over a log by a stranger with an enjoyable-size cock. For the long haul I want to meet an old-fashioned, protective, *real* man who'll take charge in the bedroom."

—Photos by Husband

"I love oral sex, especially being eaten out."

RENAE

"I want to work for y'all," chirps this "naughty" stay-at-home mom from Chesnee, South Carolina. "I like HUSTLER." And we like 18-year-old cutie pies with molasses drawls and a shortage of inhibitions, and Renae takes the cake. "Shooting pool and going to clubs" fill some of her spare time, but the "bi and kinky" five-footer also engages in far more titillating endeavors. "I'm very playful," Renae reveals. "I love giving my boyfriend blowjobs, taking him doggy-style, skinny-dipping and getting off in the bathtub. Young as I am, I've had two men at the same time, and my butt cherry isn't long for this world." Hence Renae's ribald fantasy: "I'm hankerin' to get fucked in the ass on a bar's pool table while all the pervy customers watch!"

—Photos by Boyfriend

"Being a HUSTLER model would be a dream-come-true!"

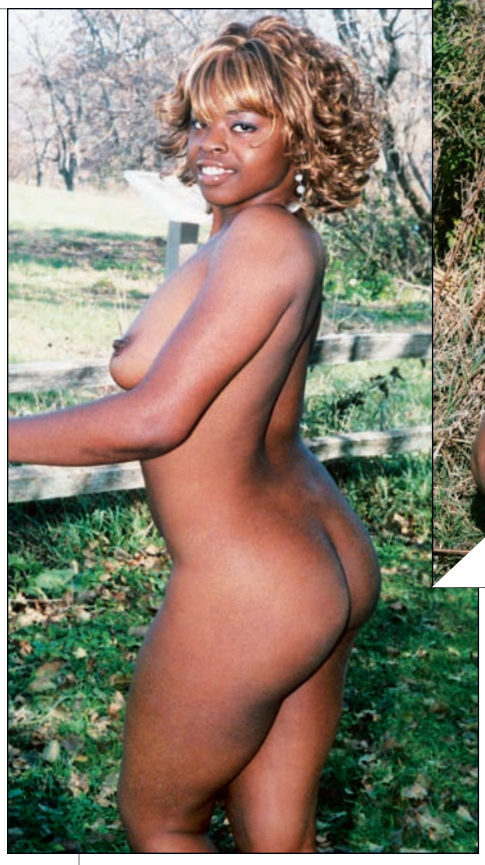
EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

GRACE

A stripper for eight years before retiring, this unbashful bombshell from Ontario, California, has decided not only to resume her brass-pole career, but also thrust herself into HUSTLER's amateur showcase. "Someone has to do it," Grace, 43, remarks, "and I think I look pretty good for my age. I love dancing and being an exhibitionist. I also enjoy reading, working out, listening to music and having a lot of great sex with that special someone—morning, noon and night!" After leaving the public eye, the 5-foot-1 Latina returned to college and aptly moonlighted as a bra specialist for America's favorite lingerie retailer, but she'll probably stop wearing a G-string or teddy at work if her long-range agenda pans out. "I'm going to finish school as a corrections major," Grace announces. "I'd like to be a probation officer or get a job in a prison." Of course, we're grateful that the "compassionate" vixen is in no hurry to put her feminine delights under lock and key. —Photos by Boyfriend

SUMMER

"I've been a HUSTLER reader for nine years," affirms this lanky darling from Mentor, Ohio, "but I never had the confidence to enter your contest until now." Summer, 35, is worth the wait. "My newest addiction is being nude and taking lots of pictures," proffers the 5-foot-8 tyro, whose kicks include trips to Las Vegas ("for slots, roulette and blackjack"), a local sex store ("for toys, XXX flicks and little outfits") and amateur Internet sites. "Being the mother of three, I believe I give the word *MILF* its true meaning. I love giving and receiving head. It's such a turn-on having a guy get rock-hard in my mouth and knowing I'm in control of where and when he can come on me." And what a lead-in to Summer's fantasy: "I'd love to be in a porn movie where I get railed from behind as I groan on the biggest cock to ever enter my mouth. Finally, the two studs tell me what a dirty little girl I've been and spank my ass as punishment." —Photos by Husband



"My fantasy is to fuck that very, very sexy rapper Plies!"

SILHOUETTE

"I love getting attention, and I love to dance," expresses this aspiring interior decorator from sleepy Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. "That's why I'm working my way through school as a stripper." So working her way into *Beaver Hunt* was a no-brainer for the ambitious 21-year-old, whose routine includes "shopping, bar-hopping and playing with my koo-koo while I watch porn." Oozing with self-confidence, Silhouette proclaims, "I feel I'm beautiful, and everyone should get to see that." And now they'll also get a testament to the 5-foot-5 neophyte's amorous der-ring-do. "I'm very seductive and erotic," the bi gal divulges. "I'm in love with the dick, but at times I think women are so hot, they blow my mind." Blowing ours, Silhouette volunteers, "I love having sex outside and in my booty. It can't be too big, but a nice-size dick will just slide right in." —Photos by Boyfriend

AUDREY

This snazzy 19-year-old from Kihei, Hawaii, supervises a mall boutique, but someday she wants to be a radiologist. In the meantime the 5-foot-6 Mauian has added nude modeling and the requisite candor to her résumé. "My hobbies are reading, shopping and surfing," Audrey rattles off before getting to juicier pursuits. "I'm very bi," the 34B-cupper continues, "and I have an exciting, adventurous love life. I'm all about threesomes, anal isn't a no-no anymore, and I always masturbate when I'm unattached." Yes, Audrey is awesome! —Photos by Friend

"I'd love to be in a daisy chain with six girls. Now *that* would be a lot of fun!"

"Anal sex is exciting as long as it pleases the man. I just need to be loosened up first!"

NICOLE

My husband and I both read HUSTLER, and *Beaver Hunt* is our favorite part," avows this daring denizen of Avoca, Wisconsin. "He encouraged me to give it a shot." Now Nicole can be seen parting with her clothes in the nick of time. She's an October candle-blower who'll be hitting the 3-0 milestone. "When I'm not busy taking care of my two kids, I enjoy scrapbooking and doing stuff with photographs," the 5-foot-4 skin-mag rookie adds, but those pastimes have a stiff rival. "Sex is full-time and pretty wild," explains Nicole, whose preferred position is doggy-style. "We really enjoy doing it while watching porn." A die-hard Milwaukee Brewers fan, Nicole entertains a between-innings fantasy: "I'd love to have sex with my husband in Miller Park while the Brewers are, of course, winning."

—Photos by Husband

"As much as I hate Wisconsin winters, I did have sex one time in the snow."

KAREN

"I always mow my muff to keep it nice and clean," professes this lawn-care person and "horny, wild and motorcycle-riding grandmother" out of Baker City, Oregon. Addressing her "personal interests," Karen, 45, cuts to the chase. "I like to lay in the sun naked and give my boyfriend great blowjobs. I also like to masturbate as he watches, then have him spank me, eat my pussy and fuck me till I squirt. We also enjoy anal as much as anything. It's wild!" An erstwhile gravedigger, the 5-foot-1 Beaver Stater was once boned in a mausoleum. "We did it for those who can't get some anymore." Finally, "Live Life to the Fullest" Karen's fantasy is "having hot sex with another woman as my guy watches, then taking turns riding his hard cock." —Photos by Boyfriend

ANDREA

Meet a stay-at-home mom from Latonia, Kentucky, who's here for a good reason: "I think that guys and girls would love to look at what I have to offer and maybe even please themselves." They may also enjoy what Andrea, 21, goes on to say: "I like getting dirty." But she isn't just talking about her passion for hopping on a motorcycle or ATV. "My husband and I have sex every day," the 5-foot-4 newbie discloses, "and we'd love to share our nasty selves with another couple. I've always been straight, but one of my fantasies is to have a girl eat me out while I suck my husband's cock. I love to suck a hard dick." Andrea, who also digs doggy-style and "going at it in the woods," has a trillion-dollar fantasy: "I'd love to get fucked on top of all the gold at Fort Knox. It's just down the road apiece."

—Photos by Husband

ANGELIQUE

Have we discovered the new Sylvia Kristel? Hailing from Holland and truly Emmanuelle-esque, this 20-year-old "sweet and devilish" redhead is a graphic artist and world traveler whose latest stops are Melbourne, Australia, and *Beaver Hunt*. "It's every girl's dream to be onstage, on the catwalk or naked in a men's magazine," Angelique reckons. "It was also a way to break away from dull drudgery." As for being bored, hammered or impaled by a stiff cock, the 5-foot-8 Dutch treat confides, "Sex to me needs to blend fantasy with reality. I love it when the bounds blur. Anything goes as long as there's no pain." Not a fan of the same old same old, Angelique fesses up, "I've had plenty of men. That's my hardwiring, but now it's time to try dyke stuff. I think all women secretly want to experience a lesbian fling." Thrilled to have a vast audience, the ravenous Eurodoll suggests, "I want your readers to imagine fucking me, and I wish I could be a fly on their walls so I could see them burst into ecstasy over my pictures!"

—Photos by Boyfriend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

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Address

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
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We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

Red Hot
PHOTO VIRGIN!
HOLLY WEBSTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

This really is the coolest thing that has ever happened to me!" gorgeous **Holly Webster** gushes. "Hoping to make a splash, I just moved to L.A., and now I'm in HUSTLER!"

Both photogenic and candid, **Holly** readily admits, "I'm very sexual and open. I guess that goes without saying. How else would I have ended up naked in the greatest men's magazine ever?"

What does this shapely young thing look for in a bedmate? "I've kind of stopped looking right now," **Holly** replies. "I tend to attract bad boys who screw me over. Right now I'm spending time getting refamiliar with myself in every way. I'd rather spend an evening at home masturbating than dealing with some asshole guy. At least I know I'm going to get off. When I do start dating again, I hope to find some romance. The build-up to sex can often be as exciting as the dirty deed itself."

HOLLY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Las Vegas, Nevada | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 120

Nikki Brooks

The November '08 HUSTLER goes on sale August 19, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT MONTH

HALLOWEEN ISSUE!

WAS THE D.C. MADAM MURDERED?

"D.C. Madam" Deborah Jeane Palfrey was discovered hanged after threatening to reveal the names of prominent clients. Jeanette Maier, the "Canal Street Madam," explains to Mark Johnson why she doubts Palfrey killed herself—and describes the web of suspicious "suicides" surrounding call girls who catered to the power elite.

CAGE FIGHT

Bloody babes in fist-to-face action! Eric Althoff gets way too close to those knockouts of the FFF—Fatal Femmes Fighting—who use their fists, legs and noggins to kick ass. Shocking photos!

THE Q&A: CINDY SHEEHAN

The activist mother of a slain soldier lays out her campaign to unseat Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi—as well as her plan to impeach Bush and Cheney.

MICHAEL MADSEN

We give the third degree to the tough-guy actor from *Reservoir Dogs*, *Sin City* and *Donnie Brasco*. Interview by Keith Valcourt.

TRICKS & TREATS

CONFESSIONS OF A SCREAM QUEEN

Sultry shrieker Brinke Stevens tells how she's survived chainsaws, vampire bites and terrifying shower scenes to make a living by dying in the movies.

HORROR BABES

Soaked in blood, painted with mascara and garbed in little or nothing, these Goth girls haunt the Internet in streaming-video tales of sex and the dark side. (Watch out! The chicks bite!)

THIS AIN'T THE MUNSTERS XXX

The '60s goofy ghoulish family was never like this! Herman, Lily, Grandpa, Eddie and Marilyn get naked and horny in our behind-the-scenes peek at HUSTLER Video's latest classic-TV spoof.